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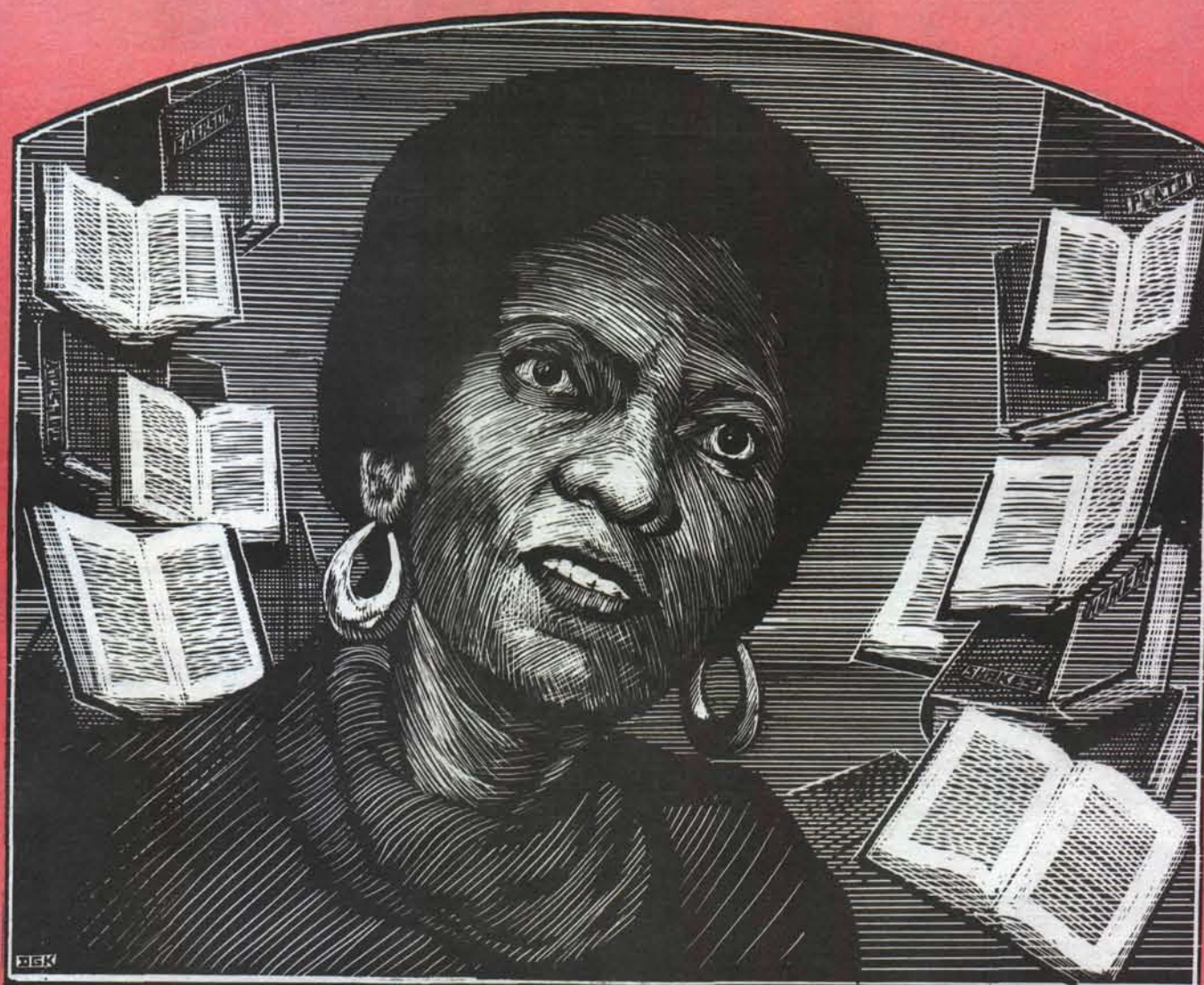
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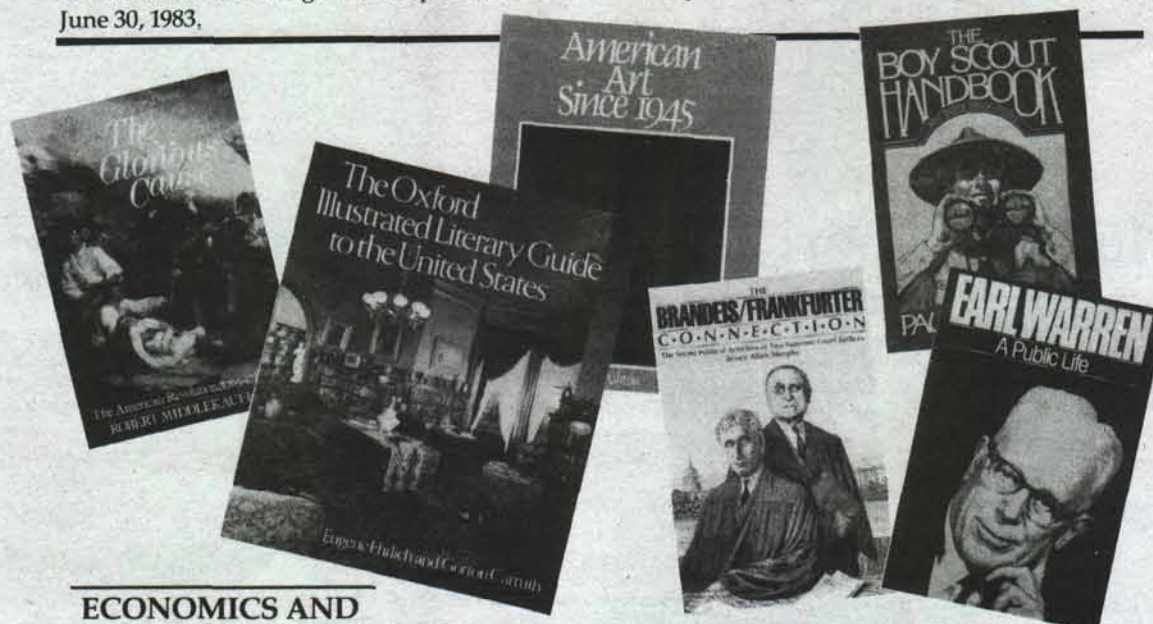
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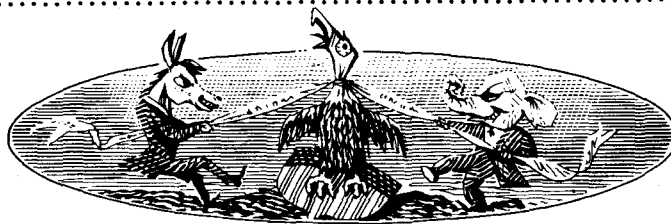
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THE LOVELIES OF GREENHAM COMMON

by Tom Bethell

At one point in Richard Attenborough's interesting and thought-provoking film, Gandhi is shown using the British-imposed system of justice in order to get rid of the British: a matter of due process, his being emboldened by the certainty that the rule book would be applied in his as in any other case. Were Gandhi to break the law, why, he would be granted a certain status, procedure would be followed, rights would be observed, lawyers would be on hand—and of course the press would be there to tell the world if due process was violated.

It occurred to me that this, rather than his alleged saintliness, was the point worth emphasizing about Gandhi: his willingness to exploit gentlemanly rules in order to get rid of the gentlemen. As we know he succeeded beautifully, and we can only regret that the Hindus and Muslims, who fell to murdering one another by the millions after the gentlemen had left, proved to be somewhat less well behaved than their predecessors. Oh yes, he had the right, I know. It is rather his naiveté that one finds disturbing. It is not that Gandhi's nonviolent tactics are unworkable, it is that they work only against people decent enough to permit a system that can be turned against them. Such benign regimes are no doubt uncommon in history, with the likelihood of becoming even less common as every new Gandhi arises in our midst. As George Orwell asked, did Gandhi even begin to understand the totalitarian mind? "Is there a Gandhi in Russia at this moment?" Orwell wrote in 1949, adding that "these and kindred questions need discussion, and need it urgently, in the few years left to us before somebody presses the button and the rockets begin to fly."

I raise the point because I have once again heard from my incorrigible

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.

sister who, undeterred by an earlier column in this space drawing attention to her views, has begun to behave in Gandhi-like fashion with respect to the U.S. military in Britain. Born shortly after World War II, and educated at St. Andrews University, she is definitely old enough, and sufficiently conversant with current events, to have heard of totalitarianism. But I don't think she believes that such a thing really exists. I recently wrote and asked her to tell me about her participation in the weird "women's demonstration" at Greenham Common, England. Along with her reply came a letter from a fellow-demonstrator named Eileen, who wrote as follows:

The demonstration on Dec 12th was the third time I had been to the camp. My first visit was in Feb 1982 and the women had been there since the previous December. They had marched from Cardiff with their children as a protest against the siting of Cruise missiles. When they arrived they felt it was a bit of an anti-climax so they just decided, on the spur of the moment, to stay. Since then more women have joined them and they have a rota system which allows them to return to their homes every two weeks or so to recuperate. The conditions they are living in are atrocious. Newbury Council has forcibly removed their tents and caravans and they are now existing under plastic sheeting.

The day I went to the camp there were two other coach-loads of Peace activists who had also come to visit the women. It was rather crowded but I did overhear two conversations, one between a Peace Person and a journalist from Bulgaria and one between a Peace Person and a journalist from Japan. This initiative by a group of women had obviously caught the imagination of the world, and had already been a unifying force between apparently irreconcilable economic ideologies!!

My second visit in March was organized as a festival with different attractions staged at each of the eight gates to the base. I attended a religious service at the "Christian Gate," which was one of the most desolate experiences I have ever had. I have never been in circumstances so un conducive to prayer. I imagine what I felt was comparable to what the Jews must have felt when they were incarcerated in the concentration camps. The stark perimeter fence, with its cold metal and barbed wire, represented everything evil and unremitting about Humanity. Whilst we prayed for Peace a military personnel carrier with its engine running presented a really sinister aspect to the scene. But we did pray, and our spirituality will not be defeated by such gross tactics.

The third visit was the wonderful demonstration of love and Solidarity by 30,000 people, mainly women, on Dec 12th. That hideous fence was Humanised by us. We covered the whole nine miles of the perimeter with personal items which meant a great deal to us. I forgot to bring anything but looking through my purse I found a slip of paper with the

measurements and names of my three sons. I had used it when I was buying their school clothes a few weeks earlier, so my contribution was really apt. Other people used baby clothes and children's toys. We had begun the process of breaking down the barriers which isolate and separate us.

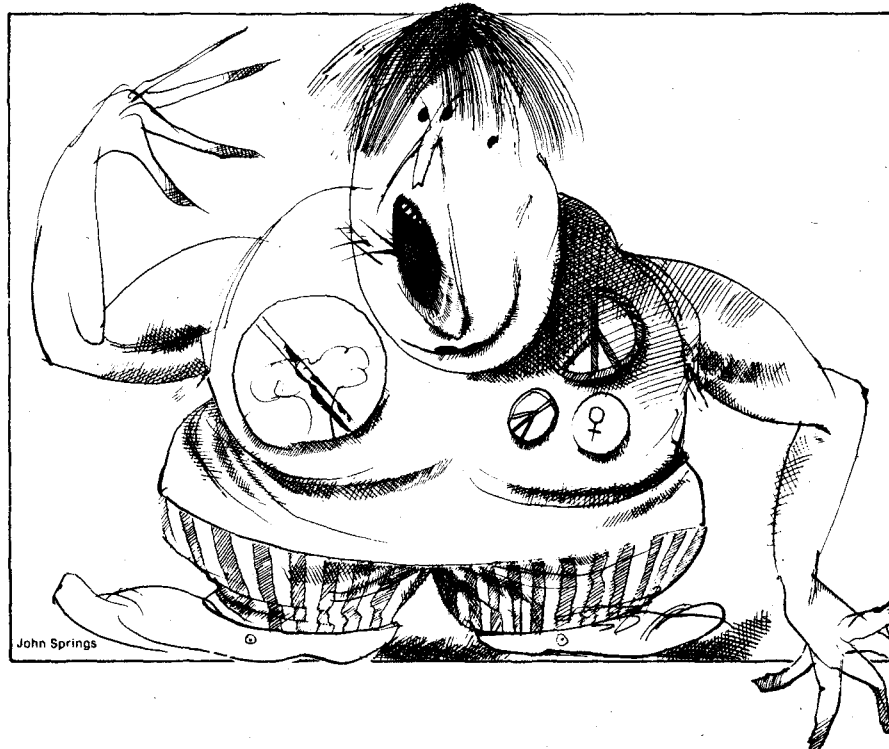
The Peace movement in Europe is strong. We know we are morally right and that it is inevitable that public opinion will grow more and more supportive. We are not so naive as to think that so-called multilateral talks will induce either sides to reduce their arsenals by so much as one bullet. We need unilateral initiatives by people who have the courage of their convictions. We have people of great courage on our side, people like Helen Johns, who with other women at Greenham Common have given up the happiness and security of family life. I wish I was brave enough to leave my family.

I don't see America as a greater threat to World Peace than the Soviet Union. It is after all Russian bombs which are targeted on Britain. What I do fear with my whole being is the military threat on both sides. The military mind which divides the World into East and West and talks about "territory" and "power blocs" is infinitely more threatening than any ideology. Communism and capitalism are both concerned with living ones' everyday lives. You can't impose any economic laws on a pile of radioactive rubble.

Perhaps the reader would like to go and get a drink (may I suggest a double?) during the intermission, before I bring on my sister for Act II. She wrote as follows:

I felt unsure at first that excluding men from the Peace Demonstration was right but then I realised that we weren't so much excluding men as getting together as women. It was wonderful to be with women like myself, horrified by nuclear weapons, who until recently had felt too powerless and isolated to take any action against them. At Greenham we felt great strength, unity, and purpose. Women are not yet used to these feelings. That was why there was something different about Greenham—a feeling of excitement and exhilaration, the start of something important.

We were a strange mixture—mothers, lesbians, grannies, feminists, Catholics, Quakers, and, yes, probably a few Communists but I stress the word few. We



John Springs

completely surrounded the nine-mile fence around the base. Some shouted, some sang, some prayed. The fence was the most moving sight of my life except for the birth of my children. It was covered with things we felt and cared about—poems, children's paintings, slogans, baby clothes, photographs of our families and many woven spiders webs—a symbol that belongs especially to the Greenham women. We danced around policemen (very British—bemused and benevolent), we lit candles, talked, thought, and sang. Then most of us went reluctantly home but many stayed and some will continue to stay. These women have given up careers and comfortable lives. Some have left their children because they feel that a peaceful world is not only the best future but the only future they can offer them. These women have my full support and gratitude. It's lack of courage, not conviction, that keeps me with the family I love.

The accusation that many of us are Communists or being used by Communists is ridiculous. It is true that many of us feel that the American Government seems to be escalating the arms race when it should take the initiative the other way. Few of us seriously believe that Britain disarming would lead the Russians to walk over Europe, and anyway a courageous step means taking some risks. That we should be labelled Communist sympathizers for this angers me. Most of us fully appreciate our freedom. We use it at Greenham, after all.

Which is where we came in, with Gandhi using his freedom only to

undermine it for those who came later. There's a fair amount of hysteria in the current "peace" movement, so one should be wary of reading too much into it. Also the Peace Persons are bound to experience a sharp let-down after they come off their present "high," engendered by swaying about in unison and enjoying the "excitement and exhilaration" of collectivism (which in its early phases is experienced as "liberation"). So perhaps one shouldn't be too critical. Still, there is textbook material here for those interested in the way the strange religion of social-ism (or commune-ism) captures the allegiance of its converts.

Perhaps the most important precondition, omitted by Eileen and my sister but undoubtedly present in both, is an antecedent loss of faith in something they were brought up to believe in: in my sister's case, her own country, and more generally the West (perceived as "consumer" societies; materialistic, pornographic, etc.—a partly valid complaint). Undoubtedly, also, a lot of these protesting women are suddenly fearful on account of the *weakness* of the West, not its running-engine personnel-carrier strength. Comparable demonstrations did not take place in the 1950s or 60s, when the cold metal

surrounding U.S. bases was equally dehumanized and the weapons within them at least as dangerous.

In any event the internal vacuum left by this loss of faith becomes intolerable, and into it rushes that strange apostate religion called socialism which, at least since the times of Plato and the early Christian Gnostic sects, has taken up residence in people's minds in extraordinarily predictable and unchanging ways: the abandonment of one's earlier beliefs is first experienced as "liberation." Then comes the desire to "break down barriers," by which is meant institutions. (In its more mature phases the earlier experience of liberation turns into a kind of rage directed at the permanent features of life, and the socialist imperative becomes highly destructive, embodying a death-wish.)

A persistent feature of socialism is the desire to break down families. (The "perimeter," or "fence," surrounding each family is a "barrier" dividing it from all other human units.) Notice that both of my correspondents experience the thought of abandoning their families as a *temptation*—not because such a course of action would bring personal happiness but because it would serve the higher cause mandated by their new faith.

As for the Soviet Union, no particular animosity is felt toward it because no particular faith was ever placed in it (at least by the current "Peace" generation). Peace People do not resent it because they do not feel betrayed by it. But they feel no love for it, either. Notice, however, that the ideology or faith now animating Peace Persons is the same as that which animated the revolutionaries who overthrew the Czars, and who then undertook to "build a new society" with the help of "new Soviet man" (and woman, I hasten to add). That experiment has not been very successful to date. Peace Persons will concede, but this is because the revolution fell under the control of utterly insensitive people like Stalin and Brezhnev. The original idea, or theory—commune-ism—was nonetheless sound. (The West, by contrast, is barrier-ridden, with fences dividing us into families and private property.) So, what is there to fight about, really? If the West disarms, and the Russians come, they will break down our barriers and we in turn will Humanize them. Oh, let them try to put up fences again, we'll just dance around *their* policemen (very Russian—yo ho ho, dancing about with arms folded, hands tucked up sleeves, snow on boots, Vodka bottle sticking out of hip pocket). □

EDITORIAL

PRIME-TIME WAR

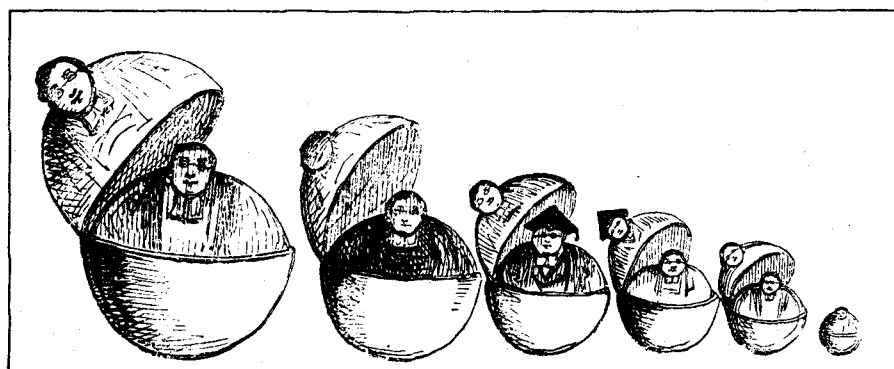
Last month the better sort of TV viewer entertained himself with stirrings of early World War II and the years immediately preceding it. Apparently it was the last good war, or at least the last good war for prime-time television. I have in mind ABC's adaptation of Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War* and the BBC production "Churchill: The Wilderness Years."

The further World War II recedes into the past the more some Americans relish the show. Not I. Though I am a hawk to the tips of my talons, all this gorgeous historic drama distress-

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

ses me. The pain, the unspeakable sorrow, and the incalculable damage done to our civilization during this war leaves me in some despair. In brief, the thing was a waste. For the war's every stirring moment there were unnumbered instances of squalor, anguish, and barbarous cruelty.

Then, too, this war did not even have a happy ending: Nazism and Fascism were cleared away, but that only left the course all the freer for the third great despotism in modern times. Moreover, no sooner did the war end than we resumed some of the parochial policies that brought it on.



by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

In a 1950 reminiscence, former Secretary of State George C. Marshall recalled that right after the war we reduced our huge military establishment to one-and-one-third divisions: "this is quite a proposition when you deal with somebody with over 260. . . . We had nothing in Alaska. We did not have enough to defend the air strip at Fairbanks."

Much can be made of the argument that our rapid demobilization emboldened Soviet rapacity, thereby bringing the world more violence than might otherwise have been visited upon it. Quite possibly the histories of Korea and Vietnam would have been more peaceful had American statecraft been more patient and alive to Soviet designs in the late 1940s.

Yet now we stretch out on our sofas to enjoy the excitement of a war long past. Ali MacGraw was beautiful whatever the mood she labored to affect. Robert Mitchum was swell television, and the BBC actor who played Churchill grew more convincing every week as he acted out the great Englishman's courage, eloquence, trenchant mind, and turbulent demeanor. Unfortunately

the world today is neither more enlightened nor better prepared to avoid the miscalculations that preceded World War II.

There are now so many struthious pols earnestly inserting their heads into the sand, denying the nature of the suave Mr. Andropov's regime, denying the needs of our military, insisting as did Churchill's opponents in the 1930s—and the late

1930s—that for the good of the economy we must economize on defense. So far have we drifted from the lessons of World War II that it is now chic in some academic circles to disparage Churchill as a warmonger.

"There never was a war," Churchill lamented in his history of World War II, "more easy to stop than that which has just wrecked what was left of the world from the previous

struggle. The human tragedy reaches its climax in the fact that after all the exertions and sacrifices of hundreds of millions of people and of the victories of the Righteous Cause, we have still not found Peace or Security, and that we live in the grip of even worse perils than those we have surmounted."

Nazism's potential for violence had been apparent for years and so had its antidote, military preparedness. Yet the democracies denied the obvious and were suddenly fighting off a Nazi war machine near the height of its powers. At least today the Soviets have had five decades to rot the spirit and strength of their slaves. Surely Mr. Andropov understands this, and one hopes it cools his bellicosity.

Yet the breezy disregard for military preparedness now being shown by those liberals who harangue Secretary of Defense Weinberger and by members of the nuclear freeze movement is not reassuring. "If one word was repeated more often than any other" in the years after World War I, the historian Robert Ferrell tells us, "that word was 'peace.' Peace echoed through so many sermons, speeches, and state papers that it drove itself into the consciousness of everyone."

Peace movements always forget that peace is an aspiration; it is not a policy, and it is not an aspiration unique to peace marchers. As I watched those World War II dramas, what troubled me most was my recollection that every peace movement of this century has been followed by war. □

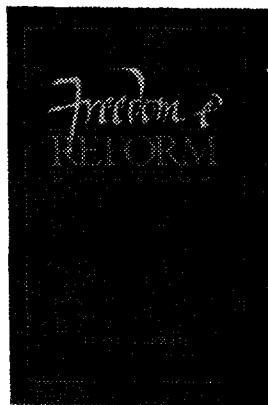
THE TAX-MAN BEHIND THE ARRAS

Hurrah! Economics need not be the dismal science that its practitioners and theorists make it out to be. As all the hullabaloo over the Reagan Budget has demonstrated, economics, or at least the discussion of economics, can also take on all the mad pothering of farce. This colossal farce is not meant to elicit our laughs, however, but rather our anxiety and then higher taxes. And if higher taxes do not vanquish the pols' embarrassing deficits what will they think of next? How about expropriation of the middle class? How about a program of land reform or the free coinage of silver? Doubtless there are economic quacks on Capitol Hill driven by even more fanciful dreams for fine tuning our economy.

One prescription for deficits that

(continued on page 45)

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Foreword by James M. Buchanan

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS



•February, and things just are not working out right. The media savants—mid their reports of horrifying new diseases and unearthly calamities—had warned us to expect the most arctic winter in many a moon. Actually it was the mildest, with the February arrival of crocuses and daffodils signaling its premature death. Then too—mid their reports of unspeakable capitalist skulduggery and ecological suicide—the savants had prophesied continued economic drear redolent of a new Dark Age. Alas, by the end of the month the stock market was up 360 points from last August; the government reported that January's revised consumer price index rose at an annual rate of only 2.1 percent, meaning no rise at all in the old CPI; industrial production was up; housing starts were up; new unemployment claims were down. The savants were left maundering. Were things improving? The thought was unutterable.

•To the Democratic opposition and all the assorted cranks and idiots on its left the thought was not only unutterable but also a vision of hell. Thus they went about discovering dark infamies at home and heinous plots abroad. As the economy began to stir and to breathe they talked of jobs programs, elimination of the President's third-year tax cut, and the slaying of tax indexing. Looking abroad they talked of war where there is no war (nuclear holocaust!) and peace where there is no peace (El Salvador). Altogether the savants and Democratic pols dream idiot dreams of brave new worlds and sweat and quaver over bugaboos remote from human experience and unimaginable to normal minds. In Washington as they murmur about "the Reagan cuts" administration intransigence," "the looming deficit" and so forth they are living in a dream, a huge inviolable fantasy. Unfortunately the dream comes equipped with fine wines in excellent restaurants, credit cards, corporate limousines, pleasant conversation, cocktail parties galore, distinguished awards prestigious appointments, and hundreds of other amenities, all guaranteed to insulate them from the

normal lives of those whom they would liberate, enlighten, and enrich. Why should they ever sober up?

•From the great state of Maine, home of the Hon. Edmund S. Muskie and millions of even duller potatoes, comes word that Department of Corrections Commissioner Mr. Donald Allen has abandoned plans to appeal the order of a demented superior court justice to install shower curtains and toilet stall doors in the cells at the Maine State Prison, despite Commissioner Allen's pleas that doing so will create security risks and fire hazards. As is increasingly the custom in the American judicial process, the buffoon's order stems from an earlier specimen of absurdity, his order to grant women equal employment at the all-male prison. Yet Maine's hags may remain unmollified, for implicit in the judge's decisions is the notion that women guards are not the equal of men in viewing showering and evacuating male prisoners with equanimity. Nationally, feminists suffered goodly embarrassment when it was revealed that the chief shishka in the California chapter of the National Organization of Women, Mrs. Ginny Foat, was indicted in January for the 1965 tire-iron murder of an Argentine businessman, was probably turned in by a NOW snitch rather than by agents of the male chauvinist conspiracy.

•On February 2, Pope John Paul II bestowed the scarlet skullcap and biretta on 18 new cardinals, and in Tepic, Mexico a small-time god, Mr. Bautista de la Cruz, was bumped off by members of the local constabulary investigating claims that the controversial deity had incorporated human sacrifice into his religious observances. Homosexuals in San Francisco were clicking their heels when Mr. Scott Smith, the innamorato of the homosexual martyr, Harvey Milk, began legal proceedings to wrest a portion of the deceased city supervisor's \$50,000 worker's compensation death benefit. The case could confer legal recognition on homosexual households, many of which contain pretty little things whose whole days are devoted to scrub, scrub, scrub; and the kitty's needs;

and the canary; and the boa constrictor. When will the feminists give these hard-pressed queens a helping hand? Life is even gloomier for the Republic's necrophiliacs who on February 15 saw one of their own, Mr. Douglas Clark, a former boiler tender, sentenced to the gas chamber for six acts of what euphemists of the age may soon call "love murder." Mr. Clark, who had been convicted of murdering whores picked up along Sunset Boulevard and violating their corpses, apparently had many exceedingly boring dates in his formative years and according to his very capable defense lawyer, Miss Penny White, was "uniquely mentally ill." Flourishing the ethical wisdom characteristic of the age, she summed up her case declaring: "You don't have to kill somebody because he's a son of a bitch."

•In consumer news the amorous Mr. Giovanni Vigliotto, who claims to have married 105 women over the past 33 years, was convicted of fraud and bigamy, owing to his November 16, 1981 marriage to Patricia Ann Gardiner. A San Jose woman, Mrs. Betty Mentry, is suing a counseling center for one million dollars because it allegedly advised her to discipline her nine-year-old son by sitting on him. Unfortunately the 200-pound beauty did, for two hours, and she now is accused of having murdered the young man. There was evidence that the Cracker Jack company is moving into the adult opsomania market when boxes of the stuff began turning up containing sex manuals as prizes. In Columbus, Ohio, probate court Judge Richard Metcalf has ruled that if a father undergoes a sex change his children are entitled to a death certificate listing him as kaput, and in New York City Tennessee Williams was finally awarded his death certificate after years of fruitless effort.

•Though the economy seems to be resurrecting, times remain tough. In New York City it was reported that young boys are now sucking subway tokens from turnstile slots before subway customers can pass through. Authorities have tried everything including sprinkling the slots with

chili powder but to no avail. "I couldn't think of anything more downright unhealthy," was a top Transit Authority's rebuke; but these are very hard times and kids get hungry. In Reno, Nevada Mr. Fortunate Eagle's trial for selling precious feathers in contravention of the Migratory Bird Act has ended with a hung jury. Mr. Eagle is the Indian activist who in 1973 declared Italy a Native American possession after planting a spear in the ground at the Rome airport. Work was halted in Cleveland, Ohio on the horror film *Dark Reunion*, when an actor rummaging through the former mortuary that is the movie's setting discovered the carcass of an unidentified lady in her sixties who had been dead for anywhere between "seven months to seven years," according to the Cuyahoga County coroner's office. Readers who may have noticed an empty bed around the house are asked to get in touch with the coroner as quickly as possible.

•Apparently Environmental Protection Agency head Anne Gorsuch's sleazy artifice has failed. Gorsuch, who has been asked to step down by her Democratic critics, appeared at her office on February 21 with a new name after a hurried trip to the altar with Robert Burford—a true marriage of convenience that! But the new Mrs. Burford did not even fool Senator Kennedy, and by the end of the month still more progressive Democrats were hollering for her resignation and hugely indignant over the cheap subterfuge. Another of the enemies of Richard Nixon was mysteriously struck down when Mr. Frank Wills, the night watchman who discovered the Watergate break-in, was convicted of shoplifting a \$12-pair of tennis shoes in Augusta, Georgia. Finally in the month of Presidents four Democrats came forward announcing their intention to sleep where our Ron sleeps come 1985. By month's end Reubin Askew, Alan Cranston, Gary Hart, and Walter Mondale had announced. All are promising colossal amounts of virtue and best of all new ideas, for instance: more education, high technology, more taxes, *much* more taxes! —RET



Rita Kramer

MARVA COLLINS AND AMERICAN PUBLIC EDUCATION

The "controversial" history of a contemporary innovator.

In the fall of 1975, after fourteen years of teaching, twelve of them in the Chicago public schools, Marva Collins opened a small private school (four pupils to begin with, one of them her own daughter) in a donated basement room in Chicago's run-down Garfield Park, the neighborhood where she lived and had been teaching. She made use of books salvaged from the trash bins of the local public school and a salary provided by the government-funded Alternative Schools Network.* Within months, enrollment had tripled and her previously "unteachable" or "learning disabled" pupils all learned to read, increased their verbal and math comprehension, and went on to read at increasingly higher levels. Their attitude toward school—and toward themselves—had changed.

At the end of that first year, she decided to take over the school herself, and moved it into her own home, changing its name to Westside Preparatory School. Again, she scrounged furniture, materials, books. She used her own pension money and her husband contributed the labor that made a classroom out of part of their apartment. Her success in teaching previously backward and unruly children got around. More parents brought their children, and local press reports were followed by national publicity about the one-room school in which so much was being accomplished by means of so little but one woman's dedicated efforts.

*In 1979 she ended her connection with the ASN, an arm of the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, but her participation in the program would eventually become a weapon in the hands of her detractors.

Rita Kramer is author of *How to Raise a Human Being*; *Maria Montessori: A Biography*; *Giving Birth: Childbearing in America Today*; and, most recently, *In Defense of the Family: Raising Children in America Today* (Basic Books).

In the spring of 1977 Marva Collins sent a letter to a *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist who had written about suburban high-school students who didn't know who Shakespeare was or anything about his works, and invited him to visit Westside Prep. His story on the school, including some of the children's compositions on Michelangelo, da Vinci, Aesop, and Hinduism, was syndicated to newspapers around the country. And Marva Collins has been in the spotlight ever since. As journalist (and co-author of Marva Collins's book) Civia Tamarkin puts it, "Readers were touched by the story of children who had been discarded as 'unteachable' climbing to superior achievement in a school that was always short of books, paper, pencils, and even chalk."

An article in *Time* in December of 1977

brought thousands of letters from parents, thousands of dollars from individual contributors, and more publicity in other magazines—*People*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Saturday Review*, etc.—and newspapers. Educational journals ran stories about the school. Parents, teachers, press, all clamored to visit. School officials came from as far away as Europe. In the fall of 1979 CBS ran a segment on Westside Prep on "Sixty Minutes." It elicited six thousand letters and made Marva Collins a nationally known figure. By the end of 1980 she had been mentioned in the *New York Times* as a possible Reagan choice for Secretary of Education and a year later she was the heroine of a prime-time television "docudrama" seen by an estimated 19 million viewers.

What she had done and what she thought about it have now become the subject of *Marva Collins' Way*,† a book guaranteed to incur the wrath of just about everyone in the education world today. In it, she explains the ideas and methods that first brought her acclaim and, more recently, opprobrium.

As millions of magazine and newspaper readers and television viewers know by now, Marva Collins's classroom technique was to begin with a discussion of a book the children had read, writing each new word on the blackboard and breaking it down into its phonetic components and discussing its meaning, letting the discussion roam over matters of history, geography, poetry, botany, while making sure the children mastered new words and added them to their vocabulary as they added ideas to their experience. ("The essence of teaching is to make learning contagious, to have one idea spark another.") All the while she would be encouraging and

†J.P. Tarcher, Inc. (distributed by Houghton Mifflin), \$12.95.



prodding them, and holding forth on the value of learning as the key to success in life.

Instruction was always individualized; the day's "lesson plan" grew out of the questions asked that day about what had been read by the children. And she was constantly on her feet, checking each one's work, making comments, giving help. She insisted on order and discipline in the classroom. And she succeeded in gaining her pupils' respect both for herself and for the learning she was helping them acquire.

"It seemed to me that the children would be more anxious to read if they were interested in what they were reading." Rejecting the look-say method in which children associate words with pictures and read the same simple words and sentences over and over until they recognize them, she taught phonics, in which children learn to sound out the vowel and consonant sounds that are part of all words, and in place of the "Look, Jane" readers she taught from classics of fable and fairy tale:

I chose those stories because they teach values and morals and lessons about life. Fairy tales and fables allow children to put things in perspective—greed, trouble, happiness, meanness, and joy. After reading those stories you have something to think over and discuss. More than anything, I wanted my students to be excited about reading. I wanted them to understand that reading is not an exercise in memorizing words but a way to bring ideas to light.

The emphasis on "relevance" that limits reading to stories about lives like their own in worlds they already know "undermines the very purpose of an education. It doesn't expand the children's horizons or encourage inventiveness and curiosity. Instead it limits perspective to the grim scenes they see every day of their lives. Children do not need to read stories that teach 'street smarts.' They learn enough on their own. What they need are character-building stories. They need to read for values, morality, and universal truths." And so she taught classical literature rather than the books churned out by publishers today as "young people's books."

She assigned reading from Plato, Homer, Tolstoy, Emerson to children whose reading had begun only months before, sounding out the new words, talking about the ideas, and always, always relating those ideas to the children's own future lives. Curiosity, ambition, and self-control were the aims of her method, and if her pupils did not always understand the finer points of philosophy or poetry, as her critics claim, they were familiarizing themselves with a world of heroes engaged in adventures of ideas and establishing a sense of values that might send them back to these same texts years later.

Over the years, I have come to believe that some of the problems plaguing modern education are the result of the emphasis placed on

'progressive' teaching methods. In an effort to follow John Dewey's notion of a student-centered rather than subject-centered approach to learning, schools have too often sacrificed subject matter, being more concerned with how they taught than what they taught. . . . It is a mistake to assume that in order to stimulate creativity and critical thinking you must rule out any learning by rote. Memorization is the only way to teach such things as phonics, grammar, spelling, and multiplication tables. . . .

I'd ask the children, "How are you going to

"Children do not need to read stories that teach 'street smarts.' They learn enough on their own. What they need are character-building stories."

run a corporation if you can't run yourself?" . . . I didn't hesitate to discuss crime in the ghetto, drugs, prison, or teenage pregnancy. I told them welfare is just another form of slavery. . . . I did not teach black history as a subject apart from American history, emphasize black heroes over white, or preach black consciousness rather than a sense of the larger society. . . .

She told her pupils, "I don't want to hear any jive talk in here or any of this stuff about black English. You must not just think of yourselves as black children or ghetto children. You must become citizens of the world, like Socrates." As she put it, "Instead of teaching black pride I taught my children self-pride." It was what she had brought with her from her middle-class Alabama upbringing, and what she found in such short supply in the urban slums of the North.

The child of a well-to-do black businessman in the segregated South, Marva

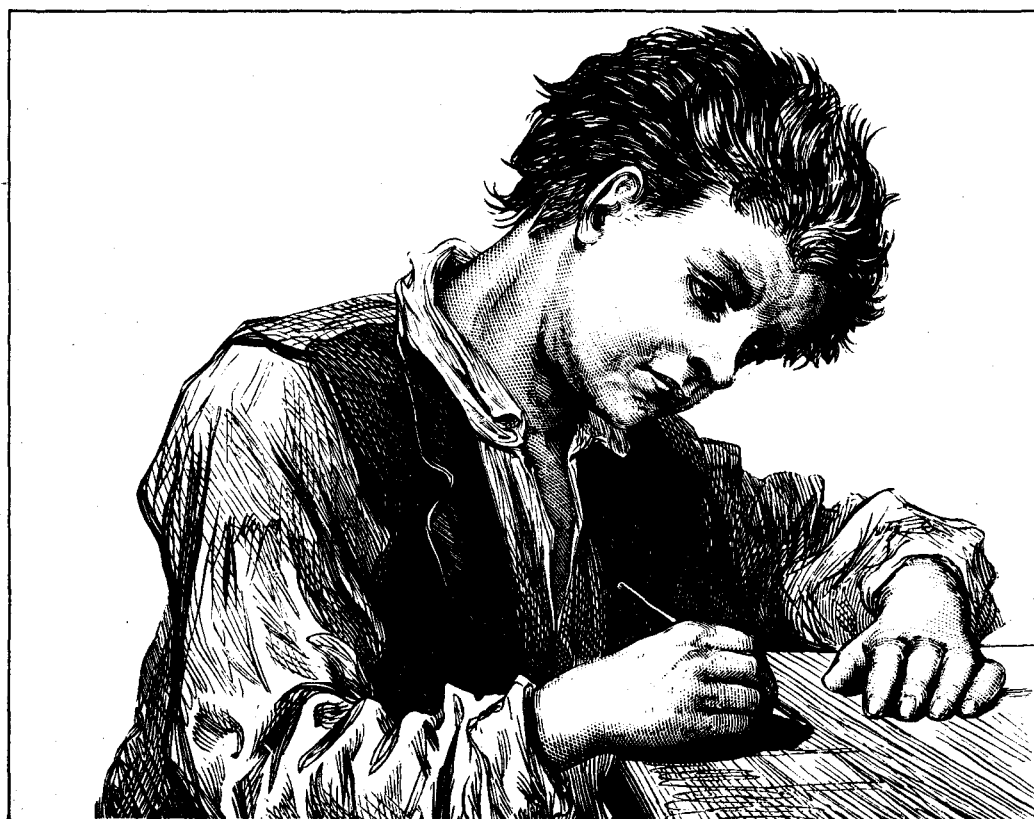
Collins was brought up on pride. Her father was a strong personality and a successful man and she grew up respecting him and herself. Years later, looking around at many of her Garfield Park neighbors and wondering why "my southern pride stuck while theirs didn't," she reflected that "part of the problem is that people are looking for easy solutions."

They have been led to believe that someone else is going to do things for them. Too many black people have fallen into the pattern of listening to the self-proclaimed leaders who find it in their own best interest to make people feel there are "free rides" in this world. If so many foreign immigrants could come to America and make it, so can people like those in Garfield Park. . . .

I am convinced that the real solution is education. We have to teach children self-reliance and self-respect. We have to teach them the importance of learning, of developing skills, of doing for themselves. I am always reminding my students that if you give a man a fish, he will eat for only a day. If you teach him how to fish, he will feed himself for a lifetime. . . . The legacy I want to leave behind is a generation of children who realize that you can't get something for nothing, who are proud and resourceful enough to take care of their own. In this messed-up world, the only children who are going to make something of themselves are those who come from strong parents or those who have had a strong teacher. Or both. . . .

Co-author Civia Tamarkin, who spent time in the classroom watching Marva Collins teach, describes her working the audience like an entertainer, an old-time preacher, giver of love as well as learning. She functions, in fact, like the ideal parent. Tender and tough, uniting affection and discipline in the same source, so that the child must accept the one in order to enjoy the other.

Much of her success must be attributed not to method but to manner. It is her character that impresses. Over and over again, reading her or listening to her, one



hears her satisfaction in the process of hard work and its resulting accomplishment. Her sense of mission is contagious, like her love of well-turned phrases, telling mots, and aphorisms.

Marva Collins is an example of what an exceptional individual can accomplish through "determination, perseverance, stick-to-it-iveness, and pride"—and the personal charisma that enables her to inspire her pupils with those same qualities. When one of the parents of a pupil at Westside Prep was asked on "Sixty Minutes," "Do you think what happens here in Mrs. Collins's school could be made to happen on a grand scale in the public schools?" she replied, "Only if you had a grand scale of Marva Collinses."

On the same program, she herself said she never claimed to be a miracle-worker: "Anyone can do it who's willing to walk from desk to desk and really work at it from dawn to dusk."

• • •

Marva Collins's emphasis on traditional methods of instruction and readings in the classics, on the importance of hard work and high expectations, could have been forgiven. Even an oversize ego or an abrasive personality could have been forgiven. Her scorn for the sacred cows of the contemporary education world could not. Along the way to national recognition she had said things like, "It was my school and I felt the public had no right to tell me how to run it. That especially meant government bureaucrats and special interest groups pushing minority rights." She told CBS's Morley Safer, "Buildings do not teach, people do," and added, "I would hate to think a union would have to protect my job. I have too much pride."

She had no use for the proliferation of specialists like curriculum facilitators, or

programs like those in "black English" or "black studies," for the idea that a black child must be taught by a black teacher in order to have a "role model," or retain the language of the streets in order not to damage his "identity." And she had no use for busing, pointing out that ineffective teachers and low-achieving pupils can be found everywhere. "Miseducation is not a function of a child's race or neighborhood

Whether she was ignorant or duplicitous, the charge of having accepted federal funds while decrying the failure of federal funding to solve the problems of schools in the urban slums is still a smokescreen, if not a smear.

but of the teaching methods he or she is exposed to from kindergarten on."

The backlash was inevitable. She had offended the black leaders by stating that black children's educational needs were no different from those of other children and were a matter of expectation, hard work, and discipline rather than special schools and special courses, that individual initiative and not group advantage was the answer to their plight.

She had offended organized professionals in the teaching world by suggesting that individual teachers if they worked hard enough and cared enough could strike the spark that would turn around the failing pupil, teach the unteachable to value learning.

She offended the whole spectrum of

special-interest groups by suggesting that the schools were failing—not because they were not doing what only the family could do, not because they were not being used to change society forcibly enough or fast enough—but because they were not doing what they could indeed be expected to do—confront the individual student with the challenge of a demanding teacher in love with learning and equipped with disciplinary sanctions. Far from tactful, she took on the whole educational establishment when she criticized "the countless schools across the country that mislabeled children, simplified textbooks, diluted curricula, and created special curricula for 'underprivileged' children." A lot of careers, which means a lot of money and a lot of prestige, would be called into question by the idea that pounding away at basic skills and old-fashioned exhortation could make a difference in the lives of children greater than anything money could buy or legislation could provide. She is at odds with those who blame the system as much as with those who blame the victim.

It was a full-page ad by the SmithKline Corporation in the *Wall Street Journal* and *Newsweek* in the spring of 1980 that provided the occasion for the first counterattacks by those she had so egregiously offended. The ad showed Marva Collins in the classroom and quoted her on a number of her favorite topics including an enthusiastic plug for tuition vouchers. Her espousal of free-market activity in the education business referred to "cheats and profiteers among teachers and administrators" as well as "among the hawkers of education gadgetry." And she was quoted in the *Washington Post* as saying "most public school teachers she knew couldn't speak well or spell words correctly themselves." This was throwing down the gauntlet.

United Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker responded by devoting one of his weekly columns in the *Sunday New York Times* to defending the public schools against Marva Collins's charges and raising questions about the evidence for her own claims, especially with regard to reading scores.

But the full fury of reaction was still to come. By the end of the year she had been mentioned as a possible choice for Secretary of Education in the new cabinet (and had immediately rejected the possibility) and had been the subject of an inspirational drama based on her life and achievements starring Cicely Tyson on CBS's "Hallmark Hall of Fame." This was too much for the public-school establishment, and retribution was as swift as it was mean-spirited. *Substance*, a monthly journal published by substitute teachers in the Chicago public schools, claiming to "expose" the "Marva Collins hoax," accused her of doing nothing more than success-



fully using "a drill-based instruction with small, select groups of children."

Since Marva Collins had never claimed more for herself than drilling children in the fundamentals in such a way as to awaken and sustain their interest, it was hard to find in this charge anything particularly damaging.

More damaging were the charges that despite her strong stand against public funding of special education programs for minorities, the money she had accepted from the Alternative Schools Network to start Westside Prep was CETA money, of which she received a total of \$69,000 before taking over the financing of the school herself. (Someone had gone to the considerable trouble of digging up the checks cashed by Marva Collins up to 1979, when her relationship with the program ended.) Whether she was ignorant or duplicitous, the charge of having accepted federal funds while decrying the failure of federal funding to solve the problems of schools in the urban slums is still a smoke-screen, if not a smear. It attacks the speaker instead of addressing itself to what is said. The real question—the value of her approach, the degree of its effectiveness and applicability—is left untouched. We are asked to dismiss the ideas because of what the woman did.

The *Substance* article was part of a campaign in which a *Chicago Tribune* syndicated columnist and a reporter for local television channel WBBM joined the attack. She was being used, was the charge, by white society and "the white media," by "those who would replace public education with private education where the government could not adequately halt discrimination against blacks, Hispanics and the poor." A disgruntled teacher who had recently parted company with Marva Collins was found to contribute a sour word or two about the lack of "proper testing procedures." Granting all these things—that she may be difficult personally for some colleagues and employees to get along with, that she had once accepted money of the kind she said would not solve the problems of the schools while setting about to show how those problems could be solved, that she painted her pupils' achievements in the most favorable light, none of these is the real reason for the attack so effectively orchestrated to tear her down in the same media that had built her up.

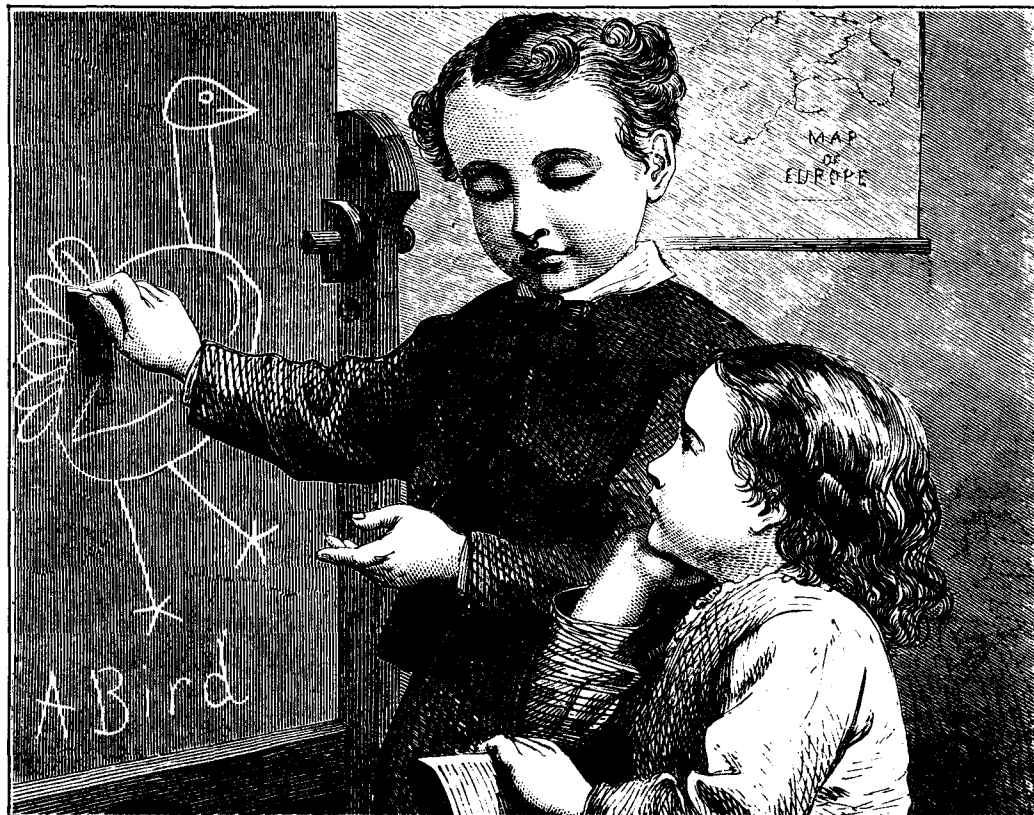
One by one, the labels of "Super-teacher" and "Miracle Worker," pinned on her by the media, were torn off. As *Variety* put it, "the media giveth and the media taketh away." *Newsweek* and the *New York Times* did wrap-ups in a sadder-but-wiser vein. Only the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out that the issue was not education but the politics of education, quoting the co-author of her book, "She never pretended to be more than a hard-

working teacher who is good at motivating children."

Despite red herring and ad hominem arguments, what has brought the wrath of so many down on Marva Collins's head, what they cannot forgive and need to discredit, are her scorn for educational gimmicks and educational jargon, her insistence on a common-sense positive approach to teaching all children by means

One by one, the labels of "Super-teacher" and "Miracle Worker," pinned on her by the media, were torn off.

of old-fashioned drill and traditional literary values. The idea that hard work and becoming acquainted with what has stood the test of time in the ongoing dialogue of literature is still the best foundation on which to build thoughtful men and women and responsible citizens is not popular today. It is a threat to teachers who want to feel defeated by the shortcomings of pupils and system rather than make the effort to overcome those shortcomings; by those blacks, Hispanics, and others who want to feel entitled to reparative public aid on the grounds that society owes it to them; and to those myriad facilitators, coordinators, and other bureaucrats whose programs are threatened by any departure from the pious cant of the day on why children come out of so many public schools having learned so little. It is a threat to the tax-supported programs to ensure racial balance in the schools because it insists that what matters is not who goes to what school but what is expected and even demanded of them there.



Marva Collins is the latest example of a recurring figure in the history of schooling—the educational wonder-worker. As such she stands in the direct line from Pestalozzi toward the end of the eighteenth century through Froebel, Itard, Seguin, and Montessori, all teachers who devised methods for teaching the unteachable and then found those methods to have wider application.

When Maria Montessori had succeeded in teaching children previously considered uneducable to read and write and, indeed, to outperform the normal children in regular schools, it occurred to her to ask "the reasons which could keep the happy healthy children of the common schools on so low a plane that they could be equalled in tests of intelligence by my unfortunate pupils," and thus a new theory and a new method of education were born.

The story is always the same. The word is spread, visitors come from all over, the innovator is hailed as a miracle-worker, books are written, followers gained, a new theory and method are proclaimed—and eventually forgotten as what proves of lasting value enters the mainstream of methodology, becomes part of how things are done in most schools, until a new method emerges in new hands in response to new conditions, and the cycle begins again.

Nineteenth-century innovations in classrooms that made it possible for the first time to teach large numbers of poor children at once in common schools in the cities of Europe and to socialize the immigrant poor in the United States came to seem rigid, and rote learning gave way to Montessori's emphasis on individual mastery in the service of independence and Dewey's emphasis on cooperative expression in the service of democracy. Now

Marva Collins appears as the apostle of a return to fundamentals, to the mastery of skills and appreciation of tradition that has come to be known as "back to basics."

Technology has made it all happen faster today. It took decades for word of Pestalozzi's accomplishments to reach all of Europe from his school in Yverdon, years for the world to hear about the Kindergarten, the radical innovation undertaken by Froebel in Thuringia, months for Montessori's accomplishments in Rome to be spread by newspapers and magazines in both the Old World and the New. The electronic media create instant heroes today—and have a way of devouring them almost as soon as they have served them up. Educators, philanthropists, religious leaders, political figures came to observe the goings-on at Montessori's Casa dei Bambini, and were followed by the journalists who made her name a household word. A series of articles in *McClure's* magazine made her famous in North America. In Marva Collins's case it was a television program followed by countless interviews with her and articles about her school.

Montessori lectured and published widely, but in a year of tireless effort she could not have hoped to reach the audience Marva Collins can address in a single half-hour appearance on a television talk show. But neither could her detractors command the resources of Marva Collins's enemies in the organized teaching community, and it took them longer to bring her down. In the end, Montessori's influence was diminished in this country when she too ran afoul of the educational establishment, which in her day meant the policy-makers at leading teacher-training institutions like Columbia University's Teachers College, where John Dewey's disciple William Heard Kilpatrick held sway. Kilpatrick had

no use for the Italian Catholic woman and her gospel of individual development through self-directed mastery of prescribed tasks. It was not a doctrine that accorded with his understanding of the needs of citizens in a participatory democracy, in which the emphasis was to be on group cooperation.

The parallels between the personalities and careers of the two women are striking.

...Montessori's influence was diminished in this country when she too ran afoul of the educational establishment...

While Marva Collins's importance and influence are not in the same league with Montessori's, the parallels between the two "miracle workers," the one in the Roman slums at the beginning of the century and the other in the Chicago slums of today, tell something about the nature of the relationship of teaching to learning and of the maverick teacher to the pedagogical establishment, now as then.

Both women were raised by parents committed to old-fashioned values, strict discipline, and a traditional code of behavior, and both, despite being members of disadvantaged classes (women enjoyed no greater equality in turn-of-the-century Italy than rural blacks did in the Depression South), were made to feel they were special children, with special gifts, of whom much was expected. Both were charismatic personalities working outside the establishment and inspiring

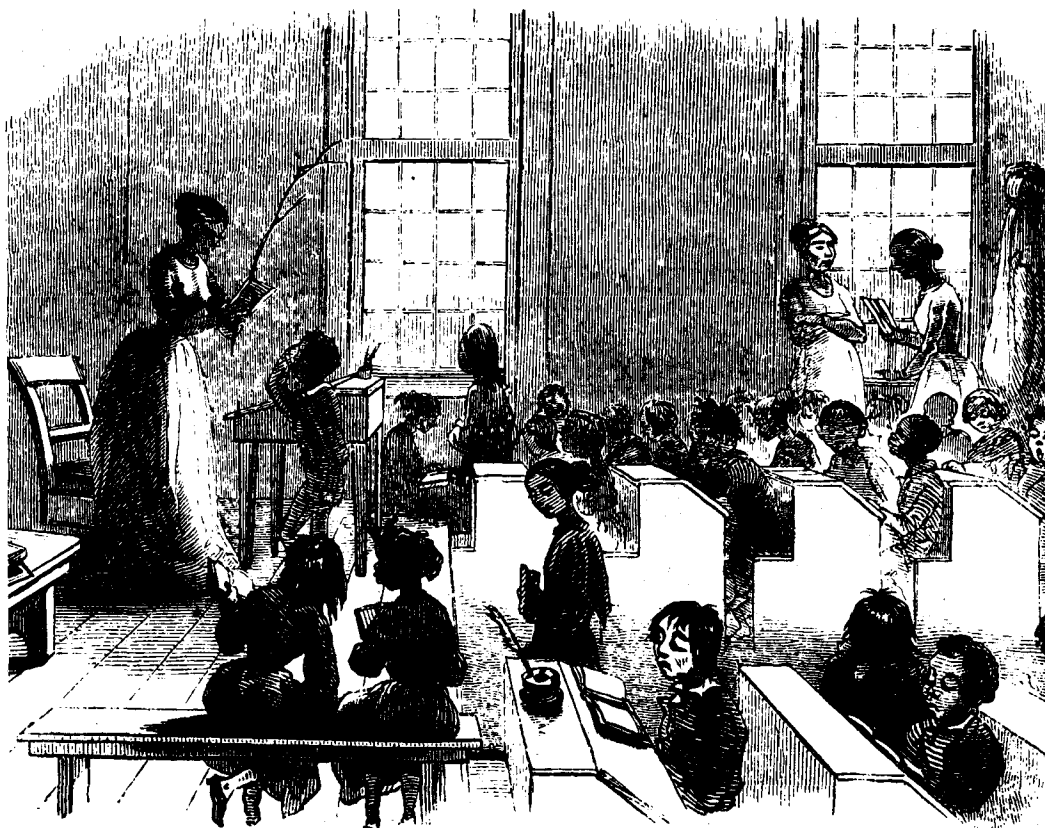
fierce loyalty and equally fierce hostility.

Like Montessori, who came to teaching serendipitously from medicine (she was the first woman to graduate from medical school in Italy), psychiatry, and the study of retarded children, Marva Collins took some education courses "because they interested me, though I had no intention of becoming a teacher." Like Montessori, she retained the perspective of the outsider. "I didn't know anything about educational theory, and I have often thought that worked in my favor. Without preconceived ideas and not bound by rules, I was forced to deal with my students as individuals, to talk to them, listen to them, find out their needs."

Exactly like Montessori, Marva Collins set up and took complete charge of a school in a run-down neighborhood where little had been expected or achieved in the way of education and where she could proceed in her way without interference from authorities—where, in fact, she herself would be the only authority. And from the beginning, she devoted herself unreservedly to her pupils. Some of them arrived before breakfast, not many hours after she had finished going over their assignments. Here is Montessori describing her early efforts: "I gave myself over to the actual teaching of the children, directing at the same time the work of the other teachers." She was there from eight in the morning to seven at night, teaching, observing, experimenting. For Marva Collins as for Montessori, her school became a testing ground for her ideas and methods. And within a surprisingly short time children who had been considered hopeless, unteachable, and/or incorrigible, the withdrawn and the rebellious, began to learn, took fire, "exploded," in Montessori's phrase, into reading and writing in a matter of weeks. In both cases one can see the effect of a strong personality influencing the outcome, of a woman tirelessly engaging the student with challenges in a way that implies a belief in his capacity to meet them. And in both cases the psychological effect of the personal appeal was presented in the context of a system of phonics by which the children learned to read by sounding out the letters that made words.

Like Montessori, Marva Collins has the kind of strong personality that invites identification, and she treated the children she taught with respect, a fact that did not go unnoticed by the children or their parents. Like Montessori, too, Marva Collins worked out a way of teaching she insisted on; she could use another pair of hands but not another mind at variance with her own. The history of education is a history of innovators who become remarkably intolerant of change.

But however authoritarian in the running of their schools and the application of their very different methods—the one relying on the child's progressive mastery of a set of programmed materials, the other on books



and verbal mastery—both Marva Collins and Montessori before her had the same aim—to make children independent, to teach them to do things for themselves. Fiercely independent individualists themselves, both women took on the educational establishments of their time singlehandedly in order to implement a system of teaching which aimed at producing—no surprise here—individuals like themselves. For Marva Collins as for Montessori, the end result of this upbringing was to be in control of one's self. This was the most important attribute of an individual, and to teach it as a value and inculcate it as a characteristic was the ultimate aim of the educational process.

Like Montessori, Marva Collins has been criticized for having, after only a couple of years of intensive work with relatively few children, put forward a statement about how children learn and a plan for reforming schools and, by implication, society. For nothing cuts closer to the bone of social philosophy than the question of the education of the young. Since the advent of common schooling the classroom has been perceived as the crucible for the reform of society. The schools can be made to serve the ideas of egalitarians, as we have had occasion to learn, through a forcible implementation of plans for such goals as achieving racial parity or such ideals as redistributing the benefits accruing to holders of professional and other higher degrees. Or they can be used in another way, by removing restrictions but imposing no other kinds of regulation, to ensure that equality of opportunity, if not necessarily of outcome, is available to all comers.

The year that Montessori's book on her method appeared in English and was reviewed in newspapers, magazines, and professional journals everywhere, and in which her fame was assured by a series of articles in *McClure's* in America and the *Fortnightly Review* in England, also saw the publication of a book called *The Promised Land*. The number-one nonfiction best-seller of 1912, it was the ringing testimonial of an immigrant to the public-school system that had "made an American" of her. The author, Mary Antin, saw the promise of America as an opportunity, not an assurance. In America, everybody had a chance, but it was up to the individual to secure the fulfillment of the promise. "That is what America was for. The land of opportunity it was, but opportunities must be used, must be grasped, held, squeezed dry." This attitude seems quaint, if not actually obsolete, in a time of Acts, Titles, regulations, guidelines, quotas—all enforced by the threat of withdrawal of federal funding or at the least of protracted, complicated, and prohibitively expensive legal procedures—intended to supersede individual merit and effort as determinants of success.

What Marva Collins has done is to suggest a return to an earlier vision of the role of the school in American society, as the key that unlocks the gates of opportunity for everyone by providing every individual with what he needs to go as far as his own talents and abilities and ambitions will take him, a force for socializing those of different backgrounds, bringing everyone alike into the main-

What Marva Collins had done is to suggest a return to an earlier vision of the role of the school in American society...

stream of American culture by transmitting the best of the past along with the skills needed to make contributions in the future. It is a vision which is at odds with a system organized in the interests of disparate entrenched special-interest groups each promoting what are perceived as the special needs of a particular sex, race, language-speaking group, or those afflicted with unfortunate physical or mental conditions, and with a philosophy that aims at distributing certification in proportion to numerical representation in the population rather than according to merit as evidenced in individual achievement.

What has gotten Marva Collins into trouble is her adherence to this old-fashioned belief in the necessity for thinking of education in terms of the individual and not the group. If one eager and indefatigable woman can excite and instruct lethargic and backward children in a

shabby room with a few books and some paper and pencils, what are we to think about the millions spent on teachers' salaries, elaborate curricula, instructional materials, government-funded special-interest-group programs, and a vast administrative superstructure that year after year continues to turn out nonfunctioning and uncaring illiterates?

Despite what her critics have been able to dredge up against her, the issue in the Marva Collins controversy isn't Marva Collins's personality or even her past funding—it is the truth or falsity of what she says about schooling. And what she is saying about elementary schools is no different from what James Coleman says in his latest report on the schools†: that while family background and parental expectations are crucial determinants of who will learn how much, private and parochial schools do better than public schools—even for children from similar homes—because they impose stricter discipline and demand more in the way of academic performance, and that even public schools, when they enforce attendance, assign homework, and insist on discipline in the classroom, reach significantly higher levels of student achievement. This is something most caring parents have long ago figured out for themselves, but it is nice to have it official, wrapped in statistics and delivered to the door of the educators. Not teacher credentials but teacher commitment, not buildings, facilities, audio-visual and other fancy aids—i.e., not money—but hard work and high standards make all the difference. □

†*High School Achievement: Public, Catholic and Private Schools Compared*, by James S. Coleman, Thomas Hoffer, and Sally Kilgore. Basic Books, \$20.75.



Stephen Miller

RELIGION AND THE INTELLECTUAL: A STRANGE NEW RESPECT

Religious thinkers hold our attention not so much for what they say
about the other world as for what they say about this world.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Matthew Arnold moaned in "Dover Beach" that he could hear the "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar" of the "Sea of Faith." Arnold was a poet, not a social scientist; he had no way of gauging the religious beliefs of the average Englishman. What Arnold did know, however, was that in the circles he frequented those who believed in God were the exception, not the rule. There were deeply religious Victorians—Newman and Hopkins come immediately to mind—but the spirit of the age was one of anguished agnosticism. The disappearance of God made life a very serious affair; writers must cultivate High Seriousness (Arnold's phrase), and man must strive to do his duty even though God was no longer looking over his shoulder. It was very important, Oscar Wilde knew, to be earnest.

Although the Victorians—especially Arnold, Tennyson, and George Eliot—got all worked up about the disappearance of God, religion had not really played an important part in English intellectual life for more than 150 years. As far back as the early eighteenth century most English writers—influenced, perhaps, by Hobbes's corrosive attack on religious enthusiasm as well as by the worldly melancholy of the pagan Roman writers they admired—were Deists whose attachment to Christianity was marginal. Samuel Johnson was the towering exception; the writers who attended Johnson's club were for the most part surprised and puzzled by his intense religiosity—his fear of even discussing the question of the afterlife. How, they wondered, could such a brilliant mind get so upset about these matters?

Yet it was not long after Arnold that the Sea of Faith began to rise a bit. Disenchanted with industrial capitalism, many late nineteenth-century writers began to look back in nostalgia to the Middle Ages—yearning for faith if not

quite achieving it. Henry Adams, who wrote *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, is a case in point. And in the twentieth century there have been several major writers and composers who have been (or who did become) orthodox Christians—for example Eliot, Auden, and Stravinsky. We can also point to the many English and French Catholic writers of the past fifty years; and in the United States one of the best writers of the postwar era, Flannery O'Connor, was a Roman Catholic who strongly defended the Church's dogma, as her luminous and amusing letters make clear. Modern Russian literature adds several believers to our list: Andrei Sinyavsky, Nadezhda Mandelstam, and of course Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. There is even a great work of religious art produced by a nonbeliever—Henri Matisse's chapel at Vence. The Sea of Faith has not quite receded, and in the literary and intellectual world there is a growing disposition to take religion seriously, if not to embrace it.

Why? To my mind the answer is obvious: the Enlightenment is over. It is

not that most writers and thinkers are opposed to scientific and technological progress; rather, it is that they find it exceedingly difficult if not impossible to entertain the hope that in the future man will learn to live in harmony with his fellow man, a hope that glowed in the minds of many Enlightenment thinkers. Until recently—until, really, the publication of *The Gulag Archipelago*—some writers who were opposed to capitalism could dream that the magic wand of Marxian socialism would dispel alienation, anomie, oppression, and poverty. But Marxian socialism is now on the defensive, and the melancholy roar we hear is the roar of a receding faith in a socialist future.

We have lost too our faith in the wonder-working powers of education and psychology. Faith in the power of education to produce enlightened, civilized, and tolerant minds received a blow in the 1930s, when the most educated nation in Europe embraced Nazism. Faith in the power of psychology to transform man's life into a life without prejudice and guilt was a powerful strain in American intellectual circles in the postwar era, but it has not borne fruit. In the 1960s the preachers of psychological—or, to be more accurate, psycho-political—liberation were many: Norman O. Brown, Herbert Marcuse, Paul Goodman, Charles Reich, R.D. Laing, Theodore Roszak. Who reads them now?

We have become utterly disenchanted with the preachers of liberation—psychological or political. Marx and Freud have been ushered to the door. (In a recent issue of *democracy*, Sheldon Wolin urged the radical critics of America to drink at the fountain of John Locke, not Karl Marx.) But the departure of Marx and Freud has left a vacuum in the lives of intellectuals. A few French thinkers—Jacques Derrida, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and Michel Foucault—have rushed in to fill the breach, but whatever one thinks of their work they cannot take the place of Marx and Freud, the last of the Great Explainers (Burckhardt would say Terrible Simplifiers). They had an answer for everything. Influenced by the Enlightenment, Marx and Freud



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assumed that a scientific outlook could clarify the chaos of history and illuminate the opacity of the soul, but we know better. Although there is the dubious enterprise of sociobiology, most writers and thinkers, I suspect, regard it as foolish to assume that science will ever set our political or psychological house in order—let alone make us more tolerant and humane.

Thus the intellectual climate of the 1980s is very different from that of the 1950s and 1960s—different because Freud and Marx no longer are central figures. A sign of the times, surely, are several recent books on the Bible written by highly regarded literary critics, not theologians. Even the *New York Review of Books*, that barometer of intellectual fashion, featured a piece on Christian verse. Finally, a sign of the times is a new book simply entitled *Religion** by Leszek Kolakowski, the Polish émigré who several years ago wrote a masterly three-volume exposition of the history of Marxism. It would be nice if we could say that Kolakowski moved from Marx to God, but he has always been interested in religious questions and some years ago he published a scholarly book on seventeenth-century religious heretics and mystics. Nevertheless, it is doubtful that ten years ago he would have tackled such a subject head-on or that Oxford University Press would have approved of the project. To survey the landscape of Marxism is difficult enough, but to write a book about the phenomenon of worship—a book that ranges widely over the Judaeo-Christian tradition and also throws in a word or two about Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism—is a risky business.

Kolakowski throws himself into the subject with the reckless enthusiasm of an undergraduate engaged in a late-night metaphysical bull session. He begins with "the shallow assumption that what people mean in religious discourse is what they ostensibly mean," that is, he is determined not to examine worship from the perspective of an anthropologist or sociologist, seeing what its social function is. His assignment, then, is not easy, for it is very difficult to avoid lapsing into a functional view of religion when speaking about the nature of worship.

Kolakowski's central point is that the core of worship is trust in God, but that this notion is beyond rational explanation. Faith, he says, is "both *supra* and *contra Rationem*." What Kolakowski does is play several variations on this central theme. First, he tries to show what worship is not by examining what he calls the God of Reasoners. He dismisses the traditional arguments of Anselm and Aquinas for the existence of God as radically defective, since "there is no logically sound path from the finite world to infinity." Faith, he says, has nothing to do with philosophical

investigation. "Philosophical investigation is forever unable to produce, to replace, or even to encourage the act of faith, and probably nobody has ever been converted to faith by philosophical discussion. . . ."

In the longest chapter of the book, Kolakowski tries to understand the nature of worship by examining the God of Mystics. Kolakowski is well aware of the dangers of religious mysticism; mystics are often guilty of overweening pride as well as Manicheism—seeing the world as evil or illusory, both of which are heretical notions in Judaic, Christian, and Islamic faith. Yet whatever Kolakowski's reservations about mystics, he thinks it makes more sense to approach the act of worship by the path of mysticism than the path of reasoning.

Kolakowski calls presumptuous the assumption that the "truth" the mystics speak about should be called into question simply because the discourse of mystics does not adhere to the rules of ordinary discourse. "Let us not talk," he says, "of an 'escape into irrationality,' but of an expanding awareness of the irreducibly different ways in which religious beliefs are validated in contrast to scientific propositions. . . ." According to Kolakowski, there are "two irreconcilable certitudes [that] collide with each other: the certitude of philosophers resting on the criteria of coherence and the certitude of believers and mystics who participate in a myth or in the reality the myth refers to. And who is wise enough and impartial enough to decree imperiously which criteria ought to be given priority?" Kolakowski does not say that the truth of the mystics is higher than the truth of scientists; he says only that we have no way of judging which, if any, is the *real* truth. The castle of faith is impregnable to reason.

Once we acknowledge that worship is a mystery that cannot be cleared up by rational investigation, what is there left to say about it? Inevitably, religious thinkers talk less about the mystery of trusting in

God than about the foolishness of trusting in anything else. Religious thinkers hold our attention not so much for what they say about the other world as for what they say about this world. As Kolakowski makes clear, the central teaching of religion is that everyone is a failure in this world.

Kolakowski never tells us whether or not he is a believer, but he does suggest that what he finds so attractive about the

Whatever we think of religion's discourse about the other world, religion appears to offer—Kolakowski suggests—a view of this world that is more realistic than the view of many Enlightenment thinkers.

religious view of the world—or, really, the Christian view of the world, since he is obviously far more influenced by Christian doctrine and thinkers than by any other religion—is its ability to make people "acutely aware of their contingency and the finitude of life, of the corruptibility of the body, of the limitations of reason and language, of the power of evil in us. . . ." In short, religion is an antidote to the foolish hopes of "the Promethean side of the Enlightenment."

Whatever we think of religion's discourse about the other world, religion appears to offer—Kolakowski suggests—a view of this world that is more realistic than the view of many Enlightenment thinkers. Moreover, Kolakowski implies that religion appears to be good for people insofar as it enables them "to sustain the

(continued on page 33)



*Oxford University Press, \$18.95.

John Podhoretz

THE LITERARY SEASON OF BRUCE CHATWIN

In praise of the Rhulen class.

The arts have become so politicized at this moment in our cultural history that whenever one looks at a painting, watches a movie, or reads a book, one immediately begins to search for "hidden agendas"—political messages wrapped in exquisite Emperor's clothing. It is not difficult to find them there; indeed, rare is the accoladed novel, or movie, or painting, which is not, at its core, propagandistic. Whether it is E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, which uses an early twentieth-century setting to mask, only slightly, all sorts of horrible and patently untrue statements about the position of blacks in modern American life; whether it is John Irving's *The World According to Garp*, which is enjoyed by its mass audience for its pornographic violence but is given serious critical consideration for its portrait of a man suitably defanged by the strong liberated women around him; whether it is these novels, or countless others, most of the highly praised works of fiction of the last decade have really been celebrated not for their literary qualities but for their political ones.

What to do, then, with a novel like Bruce Chatwin's *On the Black Hill*?* No matter how deeply one burrows into it, one finds only the novel itself. Though it is a highly ambitious work, *On the Black Hill* so limits itself to its own odd world and its own odd tale that a reader used only to accepting or condemning a work of fiction for its hidden (or not-so-hidden) messages will wonder why its author has gone to the effort of writing it.

In a town called Rhulen on the border of England and Wales, twin brothers named Lewis and Benjamin

Jones are born with the twentieth century. *On the Black Hill* is the chronicle of their lives, beginning with the courtship and marriage of their parents to the death, at the age of 80, of Lewis.

The Jones twins are at first as indistinguishable to the reader as they are to everyone but their mother, Mary. Indeed, they are so alike that it is not clear where one ends and the other begins. Even their internal lives are mixed together; "the twins' first memory," Chatwin simply tells us, "was of the day when they were stung by the wasp." In fact, the infant Benjamin is the insect's victim, but it "was Lewis, not he, who was whimpering with pain. . . . This was the first time Lewis demonstrated his power to draw the pain from his brother, and take it on himself."

Throughout their lives, the twins retain this extraordinary closeness while at the same time developing their own radically different characteristics. Lewis, "the stronger twin, and the first born," has a

passion for worldly things, and has worldly appetites. Benjamin, however, wishes only to stay on their farm—called "the Vision"—with Lewis, forever, alone. "Benjamin's love for Lewis was murderous," Chatwin tells us; Benjamin's task in life is to keep his brother in isolation.

Benjamin thwarts Lewis's ambitions at every turn but one. At the age of 38, Lewis finally sleeps with a woman—the wife of a visiting artist who bets her husband a fifth of gin that she can get Lewis into bed. Later that night at the Vision, the following ensues:

Benjamin pretended to notice nothing. He cut a sliver of bread and began mopping the juices off his plate. Then his voice rasped out: "What's that you got on your cheek?"

"Nothing," Lewis faltered, fumbling for a napkin to wipe away the lipstick, but Benjamin had nipped round the table and rammed his face up close.

Lewis panicked. His right fist smashed into his brother's teeth, and he ran from the house.

Lewis is away for two months, but

"drawn irresistibly in the direction of home," he returns to Rhulen in time for his mother to die. After her funeral, the brothers move from the bed they have shared in their own room for most of their lives into the bed once occupied by their parents and, since their father's death, by their mother alone. Their fates are sealed, and "united at last by the memory of their mother," they bid each other good night.

Their mother, Mary, is the captain of their fate. She is the "sad and beautiful" daughter of an Anglican missionary who spent her early years in India and Palestine. Her father's death leaves her penniless and homeless. She first sees her future husband, Amos Jones, in church just before her father's demise, during a service when she "felt her heart was breaking" upon hearing the words: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow . . . if ye be willing and obedient." Her hair is greying and there are crow's feet, but Amos with a "breeder's eye" notices that she is slim, and, more important, tough. "Could you live in this?" he asks her when they first visit the Vision, which is up for sale; "I could," she replies, and so this wildly disparate pair—he with a heavy rural accent that she must strain to decipher, and she with her damask tablecloths and fancy meals which are "a reproach to his table-manners"—marry.

Throughout her marriage, this powerful woman tries to be "willing and obedient," but she and Amos are in conflict at almost every pass. She wishes to educate the boys; he wants them only to work on the farm. She favors the twins; he favors their sullen daughter, Rebecca. And yet theirs is a happy marriage, because Amos has offered her a haven from her very difficult past—the social sphere of her "sister in Cheltenham," who believes Mary has married beneath her, and the more exotic Raj, where her platonic love for an Anglo-Indian earned her corporal



*Viking, \$14.75.

John Podhoretz, who writes regularly on fiction for *The American Spectator*, is on the staff of *Time* magazine.

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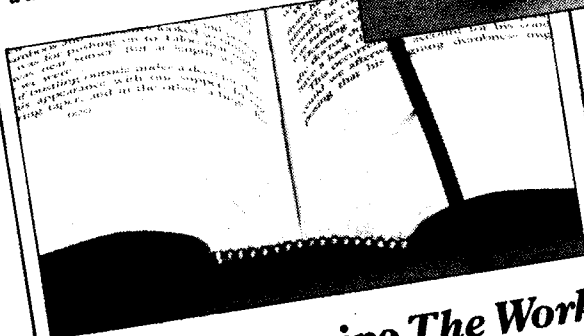
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punishment from her father for being a "strumpet."

Thus, Lewis and Benjamin each embody part of their mother's character. Lewis yearns to travel to the places he has seen in his mother's sketchbook, while Benjamin fears those places and wants only the Vision. Mary cunningly teaches Benjamin how to subjugate his brother and keep him at home. The glory and terror of the rapidly expanding world outside Rhulen is represented in the novel by a scrapbook Lewis begins to keep at the age of ten, "a scrapbook that would, eventually, be devoted to air disasters; that went on growing volume by volume, until the months before his death."

Along the way, we see how the twentieth-century glancingly affects the lives of the Joneses and the other people in Rhulen. World War I is the first, and really the only, great event. The Joneses themselves are profoundly affected by it. Four months before the end of the war, the twins come of age; "them'll die apart," a stammering Amos tells Mr. Arkwright, the official responsible for conscripting the villagers. Arkwright says he understands, yet drafts Benjamin nonetheless. Benjamin has been instructed by his father, who "hated the war and would have no truck with it" due to his anti-British Welsh nationalism, to refuse to serve. His refusal earns him humiliation, beatings, even buggery during his short stay at Hereford Barracks. When the war is over, Benjamin

returns and the twins go to the county's celebration of its war heroes.

They had come abreast of Bickerton Memorial when someone shouted in Mr. Arkwright's ear, "Where's the Bombardier?"

"Oh my God, whatever next?" he exploded. "They've forgotten the Bombardier!"

The words were hardly off his lips when two schoolboys in tasseled caps were seen racing in the direction of the church. Two minutes later, they were racing back, pushing at breakneck speed a wheeled basket-chair containing a hunched-up figure in uniform.

"Make way for the Bombardier!" one of them shouted.

"Make way for the Bombardier!"—and the crowd parted for the Rhulen hero, who had given his gas-mask to an officer at Passchendaele. The Military Medal was pinned to his tunic.

"Hurrah for the Bombardier!"

His lips were purple and his ashen face stretched taut as a drumskin. Some children showered him with confetti and his eyes revolved in terror.

"Hrrh! Hrrh!" A spongy rattle sounded in his throat, as he tried to slither down the basket-chair.

By the end of the day, the Bombardier—we never learn his name—is dead; he "did not survive the celebrations." The experience of the Great War is so traumatic that most of the townspeople choose to ignore the rest of the century's goings-on.

Floating through the book are the other townspeople, all of whom lead lives as peculiar as the Joneses'. At the Rock, the farm immediately adjacent to the Vision, the dirt-poor Watkins family takes in illegitimate children for room-and-board money.

The money evaporates, but the children stay. All of them are "a little touched," particularly Jim, the one true child of the family, who is shell-shocked in the Great War and thereafter never does a day's work. Jim's passion is for keeping wounded animals, and he views animal life as so sacred that he refuses to kill any of their sheep for food or money. The sheep herd slowly multiplies until the farm is overrun. The house itself collapses room by room until all the residents live, and all possessions are stored, in the front parlor. Nature finally overcomes the house, as its last occupant, Meg (once an illegitimate foundling), is herself overcome. "Plastered with red mud," Meg becomes a human tree, with a jay's nest in her hat and weeds growing on her overalls.

tions, whose lives are torn apart by the conflict between the dishonesty of all social relations and the purity of the lives they lead while immersed in the soil. Chatwin's characters find their measure of peace by denying society altogether. Mary forgets about her sister in Cheltenham and her tragic past among the gentry. The brothers find purity in each other's company and the company of a few other people.

As a result of this idealization, *On the Black Hill* is a limited, minor book, a book that deserves to be called "little." Yet it is so satisfying in its own narrow terms, and in its detail of the harsh and beautiful lives of its characters, that it does not feel incomplete. Indeed, Chatwin is able to describe 80 years in 249 pages because the lives he chronicles are

...most of the highly praised works of fiction of the last decade have really been celebrated not for their literary qualities but for their political ones.

At the Vision, by contrast, the Jones twins have become rich gentleman farmers. Their moods, like the moods of their parents before them, change with the seasons. Their father, Amos, would beat their mother until Easter, when the ground thawed enough that Amos could thaw as well. In Rhulen, the ideal village where people are in varying degrees in communion with nature (Amos whose spirit is synchronized with it, Meg who becomes a part of it), we find a certain perfect way of living. For when Lewis and Benjamin first climb into their parents' bed and wish each other a good night, they are contented enough to forget "that all Europe was in flames." The year is 1939. The brothers and their townsmen are residents of a dangerous century, a century of which they are never truly a part.

It is in moments like this—when World War II and the world outside in general become bothersome facts to be ignored, when the brothers first hear the tale of the fabled twins Castor and Pollux, and when Meg metamorphoses into a tree—that *On the Black Hill* itself metamorphoses into myth. Some critics have likened this book to Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels, and Chatwin himself is sufficiently aware of the parallel that he contrives to have Mary read *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* at one point. Yet unlike Tess and other Hardy crea-

uneventful; the major dramatic moment, in fact, comes when Lewis hits Benjamin after his dalliance with the artist's wife. And Chatwin succeeds in making the reader feel that these simple lives—the lives of "simple folk"—have their own magic about them. This is why the mythological overtones are not disturbing or out of place. They seem to arise naturally out of the trees and hills which surround these people who are too busy to be self-conscious, who lead unexamined lives that *are* worth living. No one has time to destroy the myths.

Chatwin sums up both the Jones twins and his novel in one sentence: "They knew that their lives had not been wasted and that time, in its healing circle, had wiped away the pain and the anger, the shame and the sterility, and had broken into the future with the promise of new things." *On the Black Hill* comes perilously close, at times like these, to mawkishness and sentimentality, yet steers away from them by successfully performing the daunting task of constructing a world in which such statements can be made. This remarkable little book has no hidden agendas. And the puzzled, quiet tones in which it has been discussed make it all too painfully clear that a novel which simply tells a story and realizes an author's vision is somehow out of place in a critical atmosphere where political statements coated in fiction are all-important. □



Doan Van Toai and David Chanoff

CHINA, THE U.S., AND VIETNAM: APPROACHES TO A SOVIET COLONY

USSR out of Vietnam.

Soviet Strategy in Southeast Asia

Last October the United Nations General Assembly again asked Vietnam to withdraw its troops from Cambodia. Again the request was supported by an overwhelming number of nations (105 to 23), fourteen more than in 1981. Again the request has not affected Vietnam's imperturbability. Despite UN criticism and the far more important facts of severe domestic food shortages and dangerously poor economic performance generally, Vietnamese leaders have no intention of withdrawing either from Cambodia or Laos. Nor have Western economic and diplomatic sanctions, in place many years now, had the slightest success in ameliorating either Vietnam's determined aggression against its neighbors or its systematic internal suppression of human rights. On the contrary, domestic police-measures have become increasingly harsh since the shortlived euphoria of victory in 1975, and the Vietnamese have clearly established themselves for the long run in Cambodia and Laos. Vietnam's leadership feels that time is on its side, that eventually the world will accept Vietnamese hegemony in the region as a fait accompli. As foreign minister Nguyen Co Thach has commented, "If the U.S. does not normalize relations with Vietnam this year and if the UN does not unseat Pol Pot this year, then they certainly will over the next several years, or the next ten years. We have the patience to wait."

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The fact is that the stakes in Cambodia and Laos are simply too high for Vietnam to be induced to leave, unless the Soviets reduce their objectives in Southeast Asia. And current Soviet strategy in the region calls for a consolidated Indochina under Vietnamese leadership.

One objective of this strategy is to establish a militant and aggressive second front in the Soviet Union's ongoing conflict with China. An overly hostile Indochina under Hanoi's leadership achieves that goal and constitutes an important additional link in the iron necklace of clients and allies that Russia has forged around its Asian neighbor and antagonist, including North Korea, Mongolia, the USSR itself, India, and now Afghanistan. It is for this reason that Cambodia and Laos will continue to be held under strict occupation by Vietnam, as will Afghanistan by the Soviets. Eventually, the two formerly independent Southeast Asian countries are slated for absorption in a Socialist Union of Southeast Asia which planners at Vietnam's Nguyen Ai Quoc

Institute are projecting for the 1990s. The recent softening of Chinese public attitudes toward the Soviets is one consequence of China's realization that her strategic position has been severely compromised.

The second Soviet objective is the establishment of a major naval presence in East Asian waters. This has already been largely accomplished through implementation of the secret military articles of the 1979 Friendship Treaty, which gives the Soviet navy and air force access to Vietnam's coastal and river systems. Freedom of operation for these forces has now been further expanded with the formal resolution in Vietnam's favor of a long-standing dispute between Cambodia and Vietnam concerning control of waters off the southern tip of the Indochinese peninsula. It is an interesting side note to history that the military provisions of the Friendship Treaty closely parallel Vietnamese concessions to the French in 1884 which were instrumental in France's consolidation of her Indochinese colonial empire.



The Chinese Response

China is most directly threatened by the Soviet thrust into Southeast Asia, and consequently is most serious about stopping the Russian/Vietnamese consortium. She does not, however, have the muscle for a direct confrontation, a point made vividly clear during her abortive 1979 "lesson." Accordingly, Chinese strategy has focused on denying Vietnam stable control of Indochina. In pursuing this policy, China can be counted on to intensify her diplomatic campaign to prevent legitimation of the Vietnamese puppet government in Cambodia. At the same time, the People's Republic hopes to create for Vietnam an endless guerrilla war both in the jungles of Cambodia and within Vietnam itself.

Due in large measure to Chinese efforts, the Cambodian Coalition Government (an improbable alliance between the Khmer Rouge, Prince Sihanouk, and nationalist leader Son San) was formally established in Singapore on June 22 of last year. Until now, only China and Singapore have given public support to the coalition while others, including the U.S., have been content to provide moral encouragement. Recently Son San lamented that his forces have received from China only enough material to equip about one thousand soldiers, from Singapore only enough for three thousand, and from the United States nothing.

At this level of support, the coalition government does not pose a serious military threat to Hanoi. By itself it creates only a nuisance in the field and some relatively innocuous diplomatic difficulties, neither of which has yet to impress the Vietnamese invaders.

China, however, is also aiding indigenous military opposition within Vietnam's own borders. The most important native recipient of Chinese largess has been FULRO (Front Uni pour la Lutte des Races Opprimées), the persistent Montagnard insur-

gency that has given the Vietnamese regime fits for years. A BBC documentary last fall reported that FULRO maintains active guerrilla operations in seven cities and provinces in the center of Vietnam. In October the Party *Daily News* (*Nhan Dan*) reported extensively on battles between government troops and FULRO guerrillas. At the same time

country's two-thousand-year history addresses that point most eloquently.

But even so, China's strategy in this area seems marked by desperation. Success in creating an Indochinese sinkhole for Vietnamese energies and Soviet aid would allow the People's Republic continued freedom to seek forms of strategic understanding with the United States. Failure

The coming of Soviet carriers and subs to Cam Ranh Bay gives the U.S. Pacific Fleet food for thought of the sort it hasn't had to chew on for almost forty years.

Nhan Dan noted the operations of what it called "reactionary forces" in the Delta, without however identifying these forces.

It is clear that inside Vietnam today there is significant government concern about the increasingly active opposition. At the end of last September, Pham Hung, minister of interior, convened an extraordinary general meeting of police and security forces in order to promulgate new procedures for "punishing and suppressing reactionary forces." Another remarkable incident took place in Saigon last May 19 when the official Buddhist spokesman, Venerable Thich Don Hau, publicly opposed the government policy of seizing Church property. The Unified Buddhist Churches, which Hau represents, was one of the key organizations opposing the Thieu regime and American "intervention" in the sixties and early seventies. Two other important religious groups, the Cao Dai and Hoa Hoa, are reported to be conducting armed resistance activities in the Delta. These sects made up large contingents within the early Vietcong movement, but since unification they have been suppressed ruthlessly. Deserters from the Vietnamese occupation army in Cambodia have also claimed that dissident groups of soldiers have organized antigovernment guerrilla activities along the Vietnam-Cambodia border. It has to be kept in mind that refugee information is often exaggerated and must be treated carefully. But what does appear from a variety of sources is that a pattern of active resistance, armed and otherwise, is revealing itself in Vietnam today.

In this context Chinese efforts to tie Vietnamese manpower and resources down in the Indochinese jungles appear somewhat more realistic. Nobody has to be convinced about the viability of protracted guerrilla warfare inside Vietnam. The

would mean being forced to come to terms with a foreign-affairs picture altered in favor of deference to the Soviet Union. Chinese agitation over the issue speaks clearly through the ambivalence and temporization of her interactions with the Soviets over the past several months. One senses here a crux in Chinese foreign policy with profound ramifications for the West.

American Goals and Policy

Solidified Soviet influence in Indochina poses an immediate menace to China, and consequently to the direction her foreign policy has taken over the past decade. But China is not the only one feeling threatened. Japan, historically sensitive about the area, is unhappy with the unfolding Soviet strategy. And for the United States, the implications of Soviet maneuvering go beyond even its potential to affect the Sino-Soviet-American equation. The long, harbor-rich coast of what used to be South Vietnam is the key to the projection of naval strength into the South Pacific as well as the South China Sea, a fact not lost on Japanese planners prior to World War II and not forgotten by American naval strategists today. The coming of Soviet carriers and subs to Cam Ranh Bay gives the U.S. Pacific Fleet food for thought of the sort it hasn't had to chew on for almost forty years.

In view of the still unresolved national trauma over Vietnam, the U.S. has now got to make some hard decisions. About what our goals are in Indochina there is little disagreement. Former national security adviser Richard Allen spelled them out as clearly as anyone in a letter to one of the authors of this article (DVT): (1) the withdrawal of Vietnamese troops from Cambodia and Laos; (2) genuine independence for Cambodia and Laos; (3) reduction of Soviet influence in the region; and (4) the strengthening of ASEAN and the preservation of Thai security. The

United States and its allies would like to see Vietnam running an independent course vis-à-vis China and the USSR, respecting the territorial integrity of its neighbors and open to relations with the West—a course similar to that of Yugoslavia. It should be added that in light of the new potential for a Sino-Soviet rapprochement these objectives have to be regarded with increased urgency.

The question is, how to move Vietnam in the desired direction. Present American policies, like UN resolutions, have proved useless. The stick of diplomatic sanctions is not big enough. Nor, considering massive Soviet economic support, is the carrot of recognition sufficiently attractive. And there simply doesn't seem to be a wide spectrum of alternatives. Two other courses, however, are worth considering.

One was suggested by Truong Nhu Tang, a founder of the NLF, minister of justice in the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government (Vietcong), and currently a political refugee living in France. Testifying before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in 1981, Tang argued that the United States should support independent opposition movements in Afghanistan and Indochina whose aims are in accord with American policies. The former minister emphasized that such aid should be undertaken in concert with regional allies. He also pointed to the paramount importance of Indochina as a field for American-Chinese

cooperation and he described the serious extension of resources this policy would entail for the Soviet Union. As a means of encouraging the Vietnamese to rethink their foreign posture, Tang's proposal stands in direct opposition to the increasingly popular notion of an early normalization of Vietnamese-American relations.

In the past, many American scholars and diplomats viewed Ho Chi Minh as above all a great nationalist, a kind of Asian Tito who was fighting less for an ideology than against foreign domination. With proper inducements, the argument ran, there would be no essential barriers to post-war cooperation between Ho's heirs and the United States. By 1978, this prognosis had very nearly become reality. Agreement between Carter's State Department and Hanoi on a wide range of issues foundered only on Vietnam's persistent demands for war reparations. Proposals advocating the normalization of relations between Hanoi and Washington prior to any Vietnamese movement away from her Indochinese conquests or from her Soviet patron are based on the carryover vision of Vietnam's leadership as maintaining Ho Chi Minh's apparent emphasis on independence.

The corollary to this argument is that the more pressure the United States applies, the deeper we will drive Vietnam into the Russian embrace. In 1981 hundreds of American intellectuals signed an appeal to President Reagan calling for normalization as a step toward separating Vietnam from the Soviet orbit. Exactly this policy has already been followed by a number of Western nations, notably France, Sweden, and Holland.

Unfortunately, advocates of normalization neglect to take into account two fundamental factors, one psychological and one political. We all recall that during the war many Americans argued that United States presence was the primary obstacle to Vietnamese peace and prosperity. In the end, American withdrawal resulted not in peace but in a much expanded war and unprecedented internal social and economic dislocation. Ex-minister Tang has recently pointed out that it was precisely America's sudden departure from responsibility that unleashed the most radical Northern plans for the South and crippled the more moderate revolutionary factions (*New York Review of Books*, October 21, 1982). Henry



Kissinger has described in crystalline detail Vietnamese intransigence in the face of every pressure except the determined willingness to use power. We know that once the Paris agreements were signed, Northern leaders waited only until the American will to enforce the accords was shattered by Watergate before violating them in the most cynical fashion.

If one thing should be clear to the U.S. State Department in the light of all our contact with the Vietnamese Communists, through years of war and years of negotiation, it is that they do not respond well to gestures of good will. On the contrary, experience indicates that they make concessions only when faced with strength. Perhaps in this predisposition they do not differ from most men and governments. In any case, it must be taken into account when we consider the advisability of normalizing relations in order to move the Vietnamese in the direction we would like them to go.

On the political front, immediate normalization assumes that Communist Vietnam still has the necessary executive will and economic autonomy to separate from the Soviets if not under duress, an assumption that blissfully ignores developments over the last four years. Hoang Van Hoang, former Politburo member and one of Ho Chi Minh's closest associates, writes from his exile in China about "the presence of Russian advisors on every level of the government, military and mass organizations, sealing Vietnam's dependence on the Soviet Union." Hoang's accusation was given added dimension by the Vietnamese minister of labor, Dao Thien Thi, who commented in the *Party Daily News* of last April 24 that "many tens of thousands of Soviet advisors have been coming to Vietnam to train Vietnamese workers." Le Duan, Party general secretary, stated unequivocally to the Fifth Party Congress last March that "firm and solid cooperation with the Soviet Union is the unbreakable cornerstone of Vietnamese policy. We must teach this just cause and principle to all Party members and to all the people, not only in this generation but in those that follow . . ." And last October 4, on a state visit to the Soviet Union, Vietnamese president Truong Chinh declared in his official address before Secretary Brezhnev that "we, the Vietnamese people, will guard Soviet-Vietnamese cooperation as we would guard the irises of our eyes."

Chinh's statements and Le Duan's are simply verbal reflections of Vietnam's grim economic realities.

Vietnam receives aid from the Soviet Union at the rate of four- to six-million dollars a day and in return is locked into economic agreements that require delivery of Vietnamese industrial production to the USSR. Its total debt to the Soviets from the war years on is not known with any precision, but is thought to be in the neighborhood of five billion dollars. What is known is that

Vietnam has resorted to the most bizarre financial stratagems to raise currency, from expulsion of the ethnic Chinese at a flat rate of four ounces of gold per head plus confiscation of property, to the sale of export labor to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

All of this comes on top of the 1980 World Bank report that placed the standard of living in Vietnam (with a

per capita income of \$160/year) between that of India and Bangladesh. The economic facts suggest strongly, then, that Vietnam is now more beholden to the Soviet Union than any of the Warsaw Pact countries have been since the 1950s. Under these circumstances, U.S. recognition would not appear to be an especially powerful inducement to the Vietnamese to shift the di-

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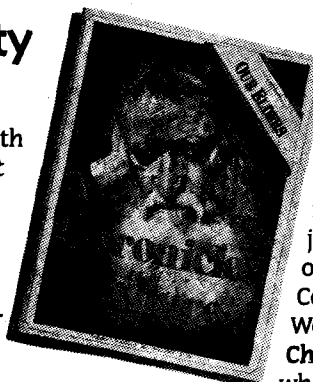
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NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

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rection of their foreign policy.

This leaves Tang's proposal, or some variant of it, as the only other option. The question is whether it is meaningful. To answer this, one first has to recognize that opposition movements are not merely military operations, perhaps not even primarily military operations. Their basic function is psychological—to weaken the hold a regime has on its people and to exacerbate internal differences. These are precisely the tactics used by the Vietnamese Communists so successfully against the United States during the war, as we remember all too painfully.

But Vietnam in its turn has now become prey to internal dissension. Vietnam today is replete with intra-Party discord and distrust. After the

Fourth Congress in 1976, nearly one-quarter-million Party members were deprived of their affiliation (and all the privileges that go with it). During the Fifth Party Congress last year, another 300,000 were purged. Many cadres serving with the army have deserted to Thailand and others live in continual fear of changes in Party policies. The prevailing atmosphere is of passivity, disloyalty, and vindictiveness.

Experts themselves in psychological warfare, the Vietnamese can be expected to manifest a high level of sensitivity toward their own vulnerability to domestic opposition. For this reason, aid to indigenous resistance movements carried out purposefully with Vietnam's neighbors does have a chance of turning Vietnamese thoughts to the benefits of American and Chinese neutrality,

if not friendship. Not insignificantly, enhancing the viability of popular opposition will also provide additional incentives for Russian disengagement in such places as Afghanistan and Indochina.

Whatever decisions we make about Indochina, we now have to make them both quickly and with adequate consideration of our long-term strategic goals. Nguyen Co Thach, Vietnam's foreign minister, recently told the *Far Eastern Economic Review* that Americans think in terms of two years, French in terms of four, and the Vietnamese in terms of ten. Thach was calibrating his remarks for Western ears. He represents a party that waited not ten but thirty-five years for its triumph and would have been willing to wait as many more. This, if anything, was the lesson of the Vietnam war. We were fighting

an enemy as patient as he was implacable.

Defending our long-term interests requires the same order of perseverance, and there is no mistaking our interest in Southeast Asia. The region interlocks the South Pacific and encompasses many of our traditional allies. From a geopolitical standpoint it is vital to us, and our heritage of commitment to the area is second only to our commitment to Europe. Consequently, the resources we put into that region's defense have to be judged in terms of our ability to stay the course. There is no assurance that committing aid to the domestic opponents of Soviet-supported Vietnam will provide the leverage necessary to affect Hanoi's intransigence. But given the alternatives, it is an option that deserves serious consideration. □

Benjamin Zycher

SO YOU WANT TO DRILL FOR OIL: AN EARTHLY COMEDY

The oil development game.

Are you, dear Reader, a wild horse or burro? Unless affirmative action has degenerated more than we realize, one would suspect not; and, if not, the Wild Horses and Burros Act of 1971 is seemingly of little concern. Alas, if you believe yourself safe from such laws, then you do not understand the legislative production of modern American government, a fairly well-protected monopoly. Regardless of whether you stand on two legs or four, you and your family and your neighbors and their families are affected in important ways by the law cited above and by a host of others affecting the availability and use of onshore and offshore territory for development and production of energy resources.* A simple reading of this list of laws—let alone a journey through the permit morass dictated by them—makes for a tedious undertaking. How tedious is it? Read on.

My goal here is to convey a sense

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of the complexity, the inconsistency—in a word, the absurdity—of the actual process of obtaining permission for energy resource development for federal onshore sites. And so we form the People's Community Oil Company (PCOC), the avowed

purpose of which is to discover and produce new sources of domestic crude oil. As luck would have it, we happen to know of a sizable piece of government property currently producing little more than weeds and mosquitoes. PCOC's in-house geolo-

gist notes excitedly that the land is a promising prospect for large oil and gas deposits. We thus decide to seek a lease for exploratory drilling: this is how it is done.

We first must file with the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) a topographic map showing the location and general physical features of the area. BLM consults with a Geological Survey (GS) District Engineer (DE) to see if our plans endanger other important resource values. Unfortunately, at least two are mentioned. First, there are reports that the area is a prime breeding-ground for a particular kind of locoweed listed on the endangered-species list. That this weed kills cattle is of no particular concern, since cattle are not an endangered species, or at least have not been since price controls on meat were removed. In response, we hire a botanist who surveys the region and reports that the weed in question is a common one that would thrive were we to disturb the land. BLM accepts this, but points out, second, that exploration and drilling activity would



We now apply to the DE for a drilling permit; he decides to require

a formal report from our archaeologist. Simultaneously, we file a state and county drilling application, which involves payment of various fees and posting of certain bonds. We also file with the DE a Multipurpose Surface Use and Operations Plan. In the meantime, the BLM has decided that there may be a land-use conflict under the Antiquities Act. Accordingly, a state agency is asked to

review the proposed application for any potential adverse effects. They note that a shack lying on the perimeter of the property was the only brothel in the region to survive the Civil War. With our assurance that the structure will be treated as if it were a member of the family, BLM decides that our application meets the requirements of the Antiquities Act.

The DE, having reviewed PCOC's drilling application, begins his own Environmental Analysis, with inputs from BLM, GS, and the Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS), and other interested parties. A joint on-site inspection is conducted, after which the DE includes in the proposed lease additional environmental stipulations. The BLM files with the DE an additional report which presents

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recommendations and requirements for the protection of surface resources and rehabilitation. The DE receives this report and includes more stipulations. The appropriate state agencies are consulted; other agencies within the Interior Department (DOI) are consulted; the Area Geologist is consulted; the Water Resources Division of the GS submits an evaluation. Further stipulations are included in the proposed lease. The Corps of Engineers is consulted; the Bureau of Reclamation is consulted. The list of stipulations grows longer and more inconsistent.

After completing his Environmental Analysis, the DE decides that an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) is required. The Area Oil and Gas Supervisor agrees, but the Conservation Manager disagrees. A meeting is held at which it is finally decided to hold another meeting. At the second meeting, the Head of the Conservation Division offers his view that an EIS is not required. A third meeting is held at which the Director of the GS decides that an EIS is required. The Land Information and Analysis Office is instructed to set up a group that will prepare the EIS. A preparation plan is written and sent to the GS Director for approval. A meeting is held and the preparation plan is changed. The Director approves it, but directs that other agencies be consulted. More meetings are held.

The preparation plan is changed further and resubmitted to the Director. He objects to certain aspects of it, and an interagency meeting is called. Compromises on the EIS preparation plan are adopted and the Director approves it. A Preliminary Draft Environmental Statement (PDES) is finally completed and sent to the Washington Management Staff (WMS) for review. Comments are submitted; meetings are held; language is changed; comments are again submitted, more meetings are held; the language is changed once again. The WMS sends the PDES to the GS Director. He revises it and thus produces the Draft Environmental Impact Statement (DEIS). The WMS reviews it, consults the relevant agencies, holds meetings and more meetings, and sends it on to the Director, who, amazingly, approves it. The DEIS is revised and approved by the Assistant Secretary for Land and Water Resources. It is then reviewed and approved by the Office of Environmental Project Review.

The DEIS is printed and sent to the Assistant Secretary for Policy, Budget, and Administration. He endorses

it and sends it to the Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ). Various officials review the DEIS, and offer comments to the GS, which holds another series of meetings. The DES evolves into the Preliminary Final Environmental Statement (PFES). It is reviewed by the WMS. More comments are submitted, more meetings are held, and more time elapses. The WMS consolidates the comments and sends them to the GS, where the Final Environmental Impact Statement (FEIS) is prepared. It is sent to WMS for further checking and comments. More meetings are held and more changes are suggested.

Finally, the FEIS is approved by the GS Director. It is reviewed and approved by the Assistant Secretary for Land and Water Resources. It is reviewed and approved by the Office of Environmental Project Review. It is sent to the Assistant Secretary for Policy, Budget, and Administration, who endorses it, sends it to the CEQ, and makes it available to the public. It will not make the best-seller list. BLM uses the FEIS to include further stipulations in the lease and permit.

And so, the DE issues a drilling permit containing all of the stipulations. After reviewing it, PCOC concludes that the stipulations make oil discovery and production on the land infeasible. PCOC sends an appeal to the GS Director, who rejects it. PCOC then appeals to the DOI Board of Land Appeals, which also is unsympathetic. PCOC decides then to pursue the matter in the Federal District Court. After the usual delays, the Court hears the case and puts forth its decision. All sides claim victory. Since the Court eliminates the most absurd of the

stipulations—such as the one which would have required PCOC to melt the snow with steam in order to avoid disturbance of any unknown archaeological artifacts—PCOC decides to accept the revised lease and permit.

But we are not home free. A “public interest” group calling itself Nannies Against Growth (NAG) has obtained a temporary restraining order halting our operations. They claim, among other things, that the EIS does not meet the requirements of the law; that the revised lease and permit do not adequately protect resource values which are unspecified and individuals who are unnamed; and that NAG was not allowed sufficient time during the review process to submit comments. After more delays, the Court hears the case and rejects out of hand the first two of NAG’s allegations. NAG is, however, permitted to submit comments to the DOI. The comments are routed to various individuals; meetings are held; new stipulations are written, reviewed, rewritten, and re-reviewed; more time is consumed. The new stipulations are sent to the DE who includes them in the lease. PCOC objects to some of them, thus generating a new round of meetings and reviews. This process goes through a few more iterations until the final lease and permit are approved and accepted.

After road-building and other preliminary work is completed, PCOC drills the approved exploratory wells, and, happily, reports successful finds in some of them. We receive from the government several boxes of forms needed to determine and remit each month the government’s royalty payment. We file reports with the appropriate state agencies. Because we decide that we need some gas separation equipment not foreseen earlier, we request amendments to the Surface Use Plan. Once again, the proposals go through the DE and BLM review process. Any other changes in operations indicated by actual production operations must be approved. Some water is produced in one of the wells; a Produced Water Disposal Permit must be obtained. The permits and agencies involved depend upon the preferred method of water disposal. Further drilling, extension, or plugging of wells requires additional permits. Random inspections are conducted by the state, by the GS, and by the BLM. Operation of desulfurization and other facilities requires additional permits and mandatory specialized equipment.

Finally after years of faithful production, PCOC decides to shut

down the field. A Notice to Abandon is filed; BLM provides new stipulations for surface rehabilitation. The wells are plugged and rehabilitation begins. The DE and BLM conduct compliance inspections, after which BLM and the state release the bonds.

Note that this short overview of the permit process obscures the time dimension of the problem. The inspection and permit process can take months; the Environmental Assessment, months; the preparation of the EIS, one or more years; the Appeal process, months or years. These delays are real economic costs, and can clearly be reduced substantially.

What explains the evolution of such a regulatory labyrinth? Suffice it to say that while the market has incentives to maximize wealth, the bureaucracy has incentives to maximize its workload. We pay people to write regulations; unsurprisingly, they proceed to do so. Morley Safer and company may wring their collective hands upon discovering bureaucrats who do no work; the rest of us should rejoice since “no work” means “no damage.”

The Reagan Administration has taken some steps to reduce the delays inherent in the Application for Permit to Drill (APD) system. Government personnel now routinely are reassigned temporarily in order to reduce backlogs in particular geographic regions. Strict time limits have been imposed for processing of APDs, and inspection requirements have been reduced or eliminated for certain kinds of wells. The Minerals Management Service has finally revised, for the first time since 1942, the field operation regulations. Federal involvement in the APD process for state or privately owned areas has been reduced. Finally, the number of wells in a given field requiring environmental assessments has been reduced, substantially in some cases.

These steps are useful not only in and of themselves, but also because they demonstrate that reduction of red tape does not lead to “rape of the wilderness.” The allocation and use of resources owned by government is inevitably subject to politicization. But whether the government is dealing with wild burros or energy development, there is one important link: the bureaucracy does not bear the costs of its actions or inactions. In the one example described here, the costs of the man-hours, the red tape, and the elapsed time are borne by the economy, i.e., by people. Such will always be the result when resources are not allocated according to economic competition. □





BOUQUETS FROM YOUR BUREAUCRATS

by Hugh Kenner

From the Department of the Army (San Francisco), for A- B- C- Distribution: "... 2. The hazards of walking. ... (b) This inattention coupled with reading or reviewing documents while walking; going up or down stairs with both hands occupied (not holding the handrail); and wearing footwear of unusual design are responsible for the great majority of mishaps. ..."

From a Section Chief, Illinois Department of Labor: "... On April 30, ... at 8:25 in the morning, I noted that you had again plugged in the coffee pot. When I pointed out that you were aware that I had asked you not to plug it in, you replied that it is not 8:30 yet. I then told you that I am in charge of the section, even though it is not 8:30 yet. ..."

Internal Revenue Service, to all agents: "Recently an employee received and apparently answered a telephonic request for information. Calls from taxpayers for Information Requests should be referred to the Freedom of Information Reading Room at National Office. ..."

On and on: Government talking incessantly to itself.* Its larynx is Selectric, its resonant sinuses are Xerox. For bureaucracy's days are enabled by expensive mechanical toys, three in particular. One is Mr. Carrier's air-conditioning, which in defiance of God's express intentions has rendered the Potomac Basin habitable year-round. A second is Mr. Edison's dictating machine, which affords the year-round inhabitants something to do there. And the third is Mr. Carlson's copier, which in defiance of human sloth enables any Selectrified mumble to, no, not

trickle down "channels of distribution" as in the old days when its scope was contained by the illegibility of the sixth carbon, but instead to be flushed through those channels with hydraulic force, ending up on as many as a thousand desks, miraculously multiplied, a pristine turd.

There deposited, it requires a response. The bureaucrat's categorical imperative is simple: *Don't just sit there, dictate something.* He may even dictate his manner of "routing" what he dictates: "The above drafts come to me first for review, and I give them to Mr. Gregory for typing. The typist returns them to Mr. Gregory for his record of typing completions. Mr. Gregory will return the typed copies to the originator for review for typing corrections and/or sign off. The originator, after corrections and sign off, will route the typed report or letter to me for sign off and routing to Mr. Clemens. Copies of mailed letters come back through Mr. Gregory for recording." That is from a Coordinator, Title IX Team, in HEW's Region IV-Atlanta. Mr. Gregory's version is not preserved, but it is evident that he and incalculable numbers of others have little time to dream up public harassments.

Less busy folk have proved less harmless. H.R. Haldeman's most famous memo, "The President would like to have the bowling ball man come in and fit Mrs. Nixon and Tricia for balls as soon as possible," went to Colonel Hughes, copy to Mr. Chapin. Colonel Hughes will have responded, Mr. Chapin also, and conceivably Haldeman responded to their responses, but that was merely a three-way exchange. It grows lonely near the top. An insufficient paper empire to occupy him is something historians may wish to connect with Haldeman's later difficulties. Staffs should never be lean, nor distribution channels scant. Could Tricia's balls have generated a proper gale-force Washington blizzard of memos we might all have been spared Watergate.

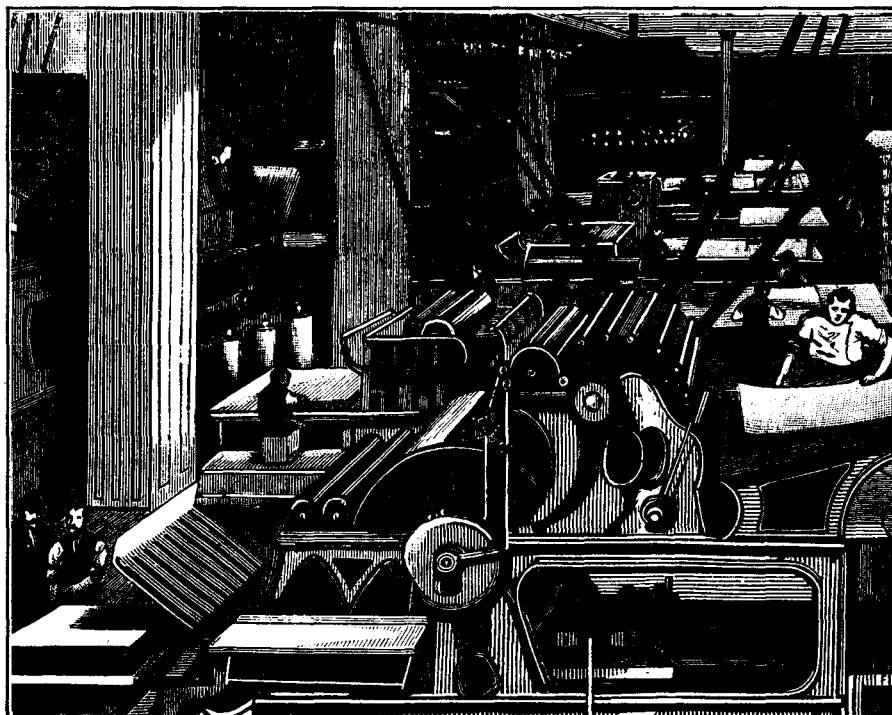
Thus one reason the Chief, Office Services Section, Facilities Management Branch, Internal Revenue Service has never done time in the jug is that memo-writing keeps him harmlessly busy. His evaluation of Suggestion 42-EP/EO 132 was routed to an E.O. Specialist through the Incentive Awards Coordinator, to advise the recipient that something

he had suggested could not be approved since action was already initiated in its area. The suggestion pertained to the location of windows in envelopes, an aspect of "the Envelope Program" that was even then occupying an "Envelope Task Force," its target date for completion a mere six months off.

That incredible numbers of these papers have to do with paper itself—its sizes, its grades, its orientation in the heaps into which filers gather it—is something we should be grateful for, since it normally bodes no action whatsoever. Indeed we should wonder if the IRS man was altogether wise in withholding the envelope window suggestion from the Task Force. He no doubt did not want to derail its progress toward its target date, undervaluing the fact that when target dates are met something really expensive may happen.

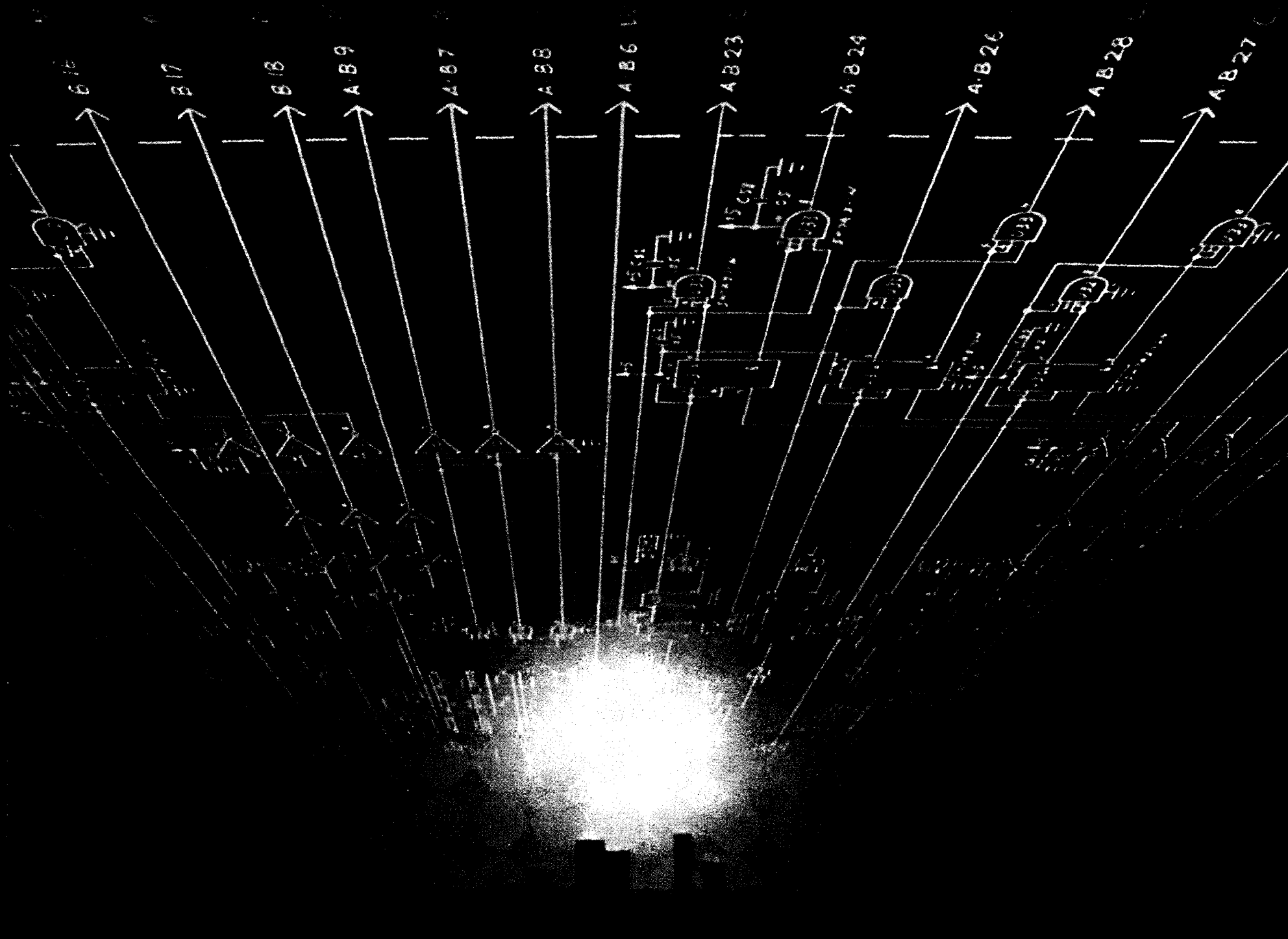
Washington's most momentous event of 1979, the conversion of all official paper from 8 by 10.5 inches to 8.5 by 11—a mere 11 percent increase in area and a gross underestimate of bureaucrats' verbal inflation—was not only missed by every political observer but came to pass no thanks to a Task Force insufficiently torpid. And once it had been effected, not even Temporary Regulation B-5 ("dated September 21, 1979, copy attached"), on "Procedures for Conversion," could ward off such consequences as confronted the Agency for International Development, when the new, larger GSA-approved paper proved "too large to fit the stationery drawers of many standard GSA desks," and AID was driven to such measures as "exchanging desks for others in stock." (True, people had to carry those desks, which created blue-collar jobs.)

Haste, you see, makes waste, and it is alarming to notice, here and there, tremors of some bureaucratic itch to get moving. Up at the New York State Office of Mental Health,



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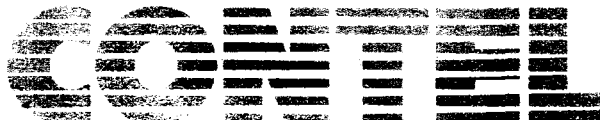
Hugh Kenner teaches English at the Johns Hopkins University and is the author of many books, including *A Homemade World* and *The Pound Era*.



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someone even completed a Time Management Course, from which he came away with the insight that "certain times of the day must be 'meeting-free' if work is to be accomplished." The Director of the Bureau of Capital Operations† accordingly proposed to keep weekdays, 9:00-10:00 and 1:30-2:30, "meeting-free," and advised all staff to "keep these times open for actual

†By etymology these would pertain to the head, where mental health, such as it is, is situated.

work." Ten hours "actual work" a week! That would be ominous, save that he requested "feedback" at subsequent meetings, which can be expected to ooze into the meeting-free hours. For a few years yet, New York taxpayers may enjoy unregulated access to their own minds.

Another omen is the fitful lust after clarity. Someone writing for the Commander, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, re "Dog Patrol, Explosive (Your ltr, 17 Oct 73,)" protested lax words that would promote "a tendency toward confusion."

"AFLC cannot identify any FSN to Dog Detection-Explosive or as WRAMA puts it in 17 Oct 73 letter, Patrol Dog/Explosive. We cannot determine whether they want a dog or an explosive." Any bureaucrat who can frame so clear a question may even find out what he wants to know. Such a man should not be trusted with paper. His memo being nearly ten years old, the clarification it witlessly proposed may now occur any day, and Exploding Patrol Dogs become routine hazards.

Ponder, by contrast, the example

of President Reagan. "We inherited a mess," said he on 20 January 1983, "but we're turning it around." Now *there* is a man who has grown into his job. Nothing should ever be done with public messes save turn them around. Let future administrators turn them round yet again. Meanwhile let them on no account be *shifted*. Try to shovel them away and people get hit. Ron came into office all gung-ho for action, but his current phraseology holds out hope for us yet. He's learning to talk just like a bureaucrat writing. □



PACK PESSIMISM

You don't have to be George Orwell to know that politics and the English language, when mixed, can produce some interesting results. And not only when polemicists, politicians, editorial writers, and columnists are doing the mixing. It often happens, unwittingly or not, in the normal coverage of events by the mainstream press.

Take the recent use of the words "pessimistic" and "realistic" as applied both to the budget President Reagan proposed last January and its accompanying economic projections. Instead of the rapid economic growth that the White House had predicted incorrectly for 1982, the budget went this time with an extraordinarily low growth projection for 1983—1.4 percent. This, most reports conceded, was a pessimistic forecast; most private economists were predicting a much better year in 1983. But judging from the favorable press coverage, pessimism was entirely warranted in Reagan's case. It showed that his budget—indeed, it showed that the President himself—was realistic, at long last. To be pessimistic was to be realistic. It was that simple.

The new budget, said *Time*, "bases all calculations on a set of predictions about unemployment, output and interest rates so gloomy as to make clear that if the economy is 'on the mend,' as Reagan proclaims, the mending will be excruciatingly slow.

For those very reasons, however, the budget is far more realistic than the first two that Reagan submitted." More succinctly, *Newsweek* said that "after the bipartisan drubbing that Ronald Reagan received last year when Congress summarily rejected his 1983 budget, the administration was careful this year to base its budget on realistic economic forecasts."

To repeat the point, the thrust was that pessimism was called for, hence realistic, hence good. And who wants to be optimistic, hence unrealistic,

hence bad? No matter what other economists—and not just sanguine supply-siders, but unregenerate Keynesians like Walter Heller and Paul Samuelson—said; they got little play. Even when Martin Feldstein, the chairman of Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers and the author of the pessimistic forecast, quickly repudiated himself and latched onto a more optimistic projection, it scarcely attracted notice. This news was billed, for example, in a Washington notes column on the second page of the business section of the *New York Times*. As for the Congressional Budget Office, whose pessimistic projections in 1982 got lavish coverage, it was largely ignored when it released a growth projection more upbeat than Reagan's. Good news, it appeared, was barely news at all.

Pessimism is in, at least with the press. So is pragmatism. There once was a time when pragmatists were seen, by some at any rate, as folks without any abiding principles. Pragmatism was the situation ethics of politics. In Reagan's case, though, that turns out to be good, for when the President is "pragmatic" it means that he can't be "ideological." Among the superficial elements that *Time* liked in Reagan's State of the Union speech was its offer of "compassion rather than rigid ideology" and its "pragmatic tone."

But *Time* worried, too, that Reagan might be inclined to slip back into his old optimistic, ideological ways. Heaven forbid! "In selling the notion of an economy on the rebound,

Reagan must be careful not to believe it too blindly himself," *Time* insisted. "The economy is far from cured: it requires a lot more strong medicine. As chief surgeon, Reagan will have to be pragmatic, bipartisan and ready for any contingency." And he'd better not forget to be pessimistic, either.

If the foregoing bit on politics and language wasn't convincing enough, let me try again. For years, reporters have been writing about school "desegregation" in cases where the schools had never been segregated. At least not segregated in the normal sense of the word, namely as it applied to the South when pupils were racially separated by law. Outside the South, there was discrimination and tinkering with school boundaries and other practices—but not segregation as such. And thus, there cannot be desegregation.

Now there is a new twist on the coverage of schools and race—in the South. The *Washington Post* reported this way on a decision of the Norfolk, Virginia school board in February: the board voted "to abandon the crosstown busing that successfully integrated public education in this port city in favor of a neighborhood enrollment plan that would re-segregate half its elementary schools." The key word here is "re-segregate."

What the board said it wanted was to halt white flight, a common-enough phenomenon in cities. The neighborhood plan would make ten of



Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

the city's 36 elementary schools virtually all black, and 18 would be predominantly (more than 70 percent) of one race. Though elementary-school kids would no longer be bused, junior-high and high-school students would be. Norfolk is 35 percent black, but its school system is 61 percent black, up from 40 percent when the busing plan was put into effect in 1970.

The question is whether the board was seeking a return to a policy of segregation. It said it wasn't. Some blacks, understandably wary of relying on assurances from whites, were skeptical. At any rate, the matter was arguable. Not so in the *Washington Post*, however, which asserted flatly that the plan would "re-segregate" 18 schools. For a straight news account, that is hardly a neutral word.

By contrast, the *New York Times* gave critics of the neighborhood plan plenty of space to air their complaints, but it didn't use the buzzword as its own. Rather, it noted, "Opponents of the neighborhood school plan, many of whom are veterans of earlier civil rights battles, charge the real intent is to 're-segregate.'"

Ever since Edmund Muskie took a drubbing from the press after he emerged as the frontrunner for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1972, the idea has taken hold that political reporters go after the leader of the pack in a presidential contest. Some assume that this is the legitimate role that political reporters are supposed to play in a democracy. You know, it gives people a chance to see the fellow's warts before he becomes President.

In the race for the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination, a different trend has cropped up recently—going after Number Two, which means passing over the leader, former Vice President Walter F. Mondale, and concentrating on Senator John Glenn of Ohio. Maybe this is because Mondale is thought to be boring.

In January, just as his presidential campaign was unlimbering, Glenn was the subject of a well-reported, nicely written, and highly unflattering piece in *New York* magazine by Michael Kramer, an excellent political reporter with a deservedly growing reputation. The piece had a strong impact on the political community, particularly because of its revelation of Glenn's statements in support of American talks with the PLO.

William Safire, the columnist for the *New York Times*, seized on these

to nick Glenn. And several weeks later, Glenn was forced to go before a Jewish group in Cleveland in hopes of defusing the controversy. Meanwhile, there was no parallel dissection of Mondale's life and thoughts, which may be a mark of the effectiveness of his campaign. And while Mondale was credited—by me, among others—with uncorking a smooth campaign operation, Glenn

was faulted for alleged tardiness in organizing and ineptitude in fund-raising. It amounted to being treated as frontrunner without the compensating satisfaction of actually being in front.

Conservatives may find the lengthy article in the *New York Times Magazine* on "The New Vietnam

Scholarship" to be excessively even-handed, though I didn't; it doesn't assert, as Reagan has, that the American war effort was a "noble cause." But the article, written by Fox Butterfield and published in February, is an important event, both because it appeared in the *Times* and because it was so brilliantly reported and packaged.

Butterfield wrote about "the



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emergence of a small group of scholars, journalists and military specialists who have started to look afresh at the war. . . . For most of these scholars, their re-examination is not to prove whether Vietnam was or was not a 'noble cause,' in President Reagan's phrase, but to find out what really happened and why. In the process, they are challenging some of the most cherished beliefs of both the right and the left."

He listed more leftist beliefs than rightist ones that are now being dis-

credited by the "new findings" of the scholars. For example, "as opposed to the public caricature of him as a warmonger, Lyndon Johnson was actually reluctant to become more deeply involved in Vietnam," Butterfield noted. And, "under the restrictions imposed by the Presidents, some American generals knew almost from the start that they could not win the war."

And, "while successive administrations did not understand that the Communists' appeal had its roots in

centuries of Vietnamese xenophobia, many antiwar critics—like Frances FitzGerald in her best-selling *Fire in the Lake*—over-glamorized the Vietcong, the Southern insurgents, and underestimated the role that North Vietnam played in leading the war in the South." And, "the 1968 Tet offensive was a disastrous military defeat for the Communists, as Gen. William C. Westmoreland claimed . . ."

Finally, "after Tet—though most Americans at home had given up on

the war—the cumulative weight of American firepower and spending in Vietnam dramatically undercut support for the Communists. As a result, the United States was probably in a stronger position in Vietnam in 1972, just before the Paris peace accords, than at any previous point in the war." Read those two sentences again and you may conclude that some scholars are close to saying, roughly, that the United States had just about won the war, at which point it pulled out and lost. □



THE TALKIES

STREEP TEASE

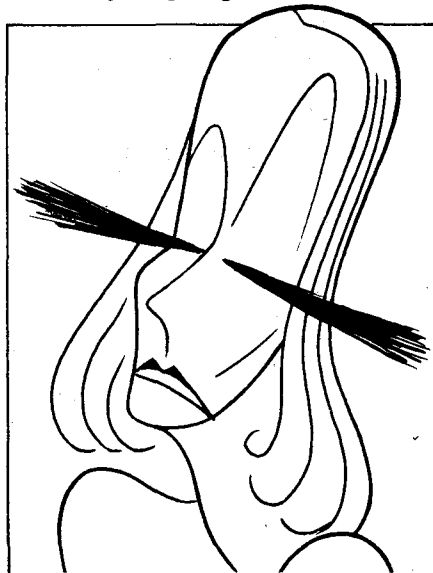
by Martha Bayles

It is a tender scene. Sophie, the beautiful Polish Catholic survivor of Auschwitz, is sitting up in bed while Nathan, her handsome American Jewish lover, leafs through one of her books. He reads no Polish, but when she identifies the book as a translation, he enthusiastically recites the opening passage in the original English. She responds in Polish, they smile at each other, and the camera pans backward through the rain-glazed window of their Brooklyn rooming house.

What book is this, which means so much to the war-ravaged heroine and Holocaust-obsessed hero of the film *Sophie's Choice*? The literate filmmaker may think of several possibilities, but I doubt whether *Look Homeward, Angel* by Thomas Wolfe will be high on the list. Of course it's possible that in 1946 such characters would be going into ecstasies over Wolfe's extravagantly dissipated prose. But possibility is not verisimilitude. I think the real reason Wolfe gets a plug in this scene is because he is William Styron's favorite author, and the filmmakers wanted to indulge Styron—who, after all, wrote the best-selling novel *Sophie's Choice*.

Certainly Styron indulges himself. He is the sort of writer who takes on the heaviest themes, only to outweigh them with his own self-dramatization. The story of Sophie's experiences at Auschwitz, and of the

progressive mental deterioration of Nathan, who tries to help her but ends up inducing her to commit suicide with him, are narrated by Stingo, a young Southerner who lives downstairs in their rooming house and bears a strong resemblance to William Styron. There is nothing wrong with relating events from the point of view of a detached observer—sometimes, when the events are particularly grim, this provides a needed distance. But Stingo is no Marlow, speaking in hushed, appalled tones about the heart of darkness. On the contrary, the enormity of Auschwitz seems to bring out his garrulous side. On and on he rattles about Sophie's great suffering, his own guilt and identity as a white Southerner, his burgeoning literary talent as he struggles to write his first novel, and his elaborately disastrous attempts to score with a succession of neurotic young virgins.



Few novelists have attempted to encompass such extremes within a single work; the problem of transitions is too great. Only time, and a certain kind of silence, can begin to suggest the movement from hellish suffering to normality; and these are elements which Styron most emphatically does not know how to use. He just rolls it all together into the same ball of soft, waxy verbiage. For example, Sophie reveals her past to Stingo not once but several times, in increasing detail. I suppose this is Styron's way of building up suspense, but it diminishes our respect for Sophie by making her look like a broad who enjoys getting drunk and talking about Auschwitz. And Stingo keeps bringing us back to Brooklyn with sentences like this: "Sitting there in the wan light, both Sophie and I had, I think, a feeling that our nerve endings had been pulled out nearly to the snapping point by the slow accumulation of too much that was virtually unbearable."

Needless to say, this sentence is well past the snapping point. Slack are the sentences, and slack is the overall organization of this novel. It contains so many ill-executed shifts back and forth between competing time frames, that when we learn the final truth about Sophie's Auschwitz experience, it seems more like an afterthought than a revelation. Her ruling passion, while imprisoned there, is supposed to have been her concern for her young son. But the novel does not even refer to the boy's existence until after a lengthy account of Sophie's attempted seduc-

tion of the SS camp commandant, Rudolf Hoess. And as for the "choice" of the title, we learn about that even later, when Sophie finally tells Stingo that upon arriving at Auschwitz she was forced to choose one of her children or allow them both to be gassed.

Yes, that's right. There was another child, a daughter, added four-fifths of the way through the novel, just in time for her own demise. Styron provides a rationale for withholding such crucial facts: Sophie is so traumatized by guilt she has repressed the memory, Stingo is penetrating ever further into horror, and so forth. But the effect of this timing, in such a loosely constructed novel, is to reduce the children to a couple of expedient stage props, tossed in to provide Sophie with a motive nobler than saving her own skin.

Those who have read Styron's other best-seller, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, in which the rebel slave is portrayed as motivated by a secret passion for his white mistress, may detect a similar theme in *Sophie's Choice*—namely, the psychology of victims who become sexually involved with their oppressors. Styron never comes right out and says that Sophie is attracted to Nazis, but the bulk of her story points in that direction: from her rejection by a domineering, Nazi-sympathizing father to her erotic nightmares at the camp. Before telling us why she plans to offer herself to Hoess, Styron regales us with her stunning blonde beauty

Martha Bayles is film critic for The American Spectator.

and flawless German, which cause her to be selected Hoess's secretary. And we are given excerpts from the real Hoess's diary, indicating how he functioned as a normal man even while presiding over mass murder.

This excursus on Hoess is cloaked in philosophizing about the banality of evil, with quotations from George Steiner and Hannah Arendt. But its narrative effect is less to explore this question than simply to set up Hoess as a figure susceptible to Sophie's charm. This is reinforced by the clinical detail in which Styron tells us how every other Nazi, male and female, just can't help coming on to Sophie. I'm inclined to think that Styron's original intention was to carry through with the affair, then show Sophie's subsequent torment as she realizes she halfway desired it. But perhaps recalling the attacks of black writers on his white-obsessed Nat Turner, Styron chickened out, adding in a lot of material about Polish freedom fighters, Sophie's youthful concern for Jews, and (don't forget) her beloved children. The result is a profound irresolution at the core of the novel: a beclouding of the real reason for Sophie's guilt. And even worse, all this extraneous matter leads us to equate Sophie's particular guilt, in its masochistic sexual aspect, with the guilt of other concentration-camp survivors. Leave it to Styron to reduce all human extremity to a variation on sexual frustration.

The filmmakers may have indulged Styron's taste in literature, but in terms of these other excesses, director Alan Pakula does Styron a favor by relentlessly cutting and discarding. He also rearranges what is left—bringing the children in sooner, for instance—so that the film has a clean, economical structure quite unlike the segmented, overweight one of the novel. Some reviewers have complained that the film diminishes the characters of Nathan and Stingo—which it does, to very good effect. Who wouldn't prefer the film's balletic Nathan (played by Kevin Kline) to the novel's pretentiously, endlessly babbling genius-turned-psychopath? As for Stingo, Peter MacNicol plays him with a composure and dignity utterly lacking in Styron's version of his priapistic youth.

But with all these changes, what remains? As Pakula put it: "the essence was Sophie." And Sophie it is. Cut Meryl Streep's performance from this film, and you wouldn't have enough footage left over for a Coke

commercial. Which is interesting, because Pakula did not want to hire Streep at first, and had to be talked into it by the Polish director Andrzej Wajda, who had worked with Streep at the Yale Drama School, and felt she could handle the part.

And she might have, under different circumstances. She certainly did her homework, earning nothing but praise for her accents and pronunciations. Some critics, however, have described her performance as too perfect, too mannered. To the extent that this is true, the initial blame goes less to Streep than to those around her: the filmmakers who, instead of *using* her lavishly wrought performance, decided to *worship* it instead. The camera never stops adoring her face, even while trying half-heartedly, through muted color, to render the bleakness of Auschwitz. Instead of shaving her bald as a prisoner, the hairdresser gives her a spiky, New Wave style that wouldn't look out of place in the pages of *Vogue*. And when she is working for Hoess, her pallor is as cool and immaculate as the models' in the Lancôme ads.

In the end, all this homage takes its toll. Streep is a talented actress, but surrounded by indulgence instead of direction, she succumbs to her vanity. Except for a couple of scenes when she is first in New York, Sophie never looks ugly. And it's more than a matter of makeup and hair—even in the camp, she never drops the mannerisms (so myriad and subtle,

so at home on the silver screen) of the beautiful actress. Instead of looking blank or numb or corpselike, she is always brimming with intense cogitation, tender concern, moral outrage, or high tragedy. She feels it all so deeply, and weeps. How gracefully she weeps! Auschwitz never reduces her to a condition lower than crystalline tears.

So the film gets rid of Styron's self-

indulgence, only to replace it with Streep's. Instead of Wolfeian rhetoric and sexcapades, we are treated to the glamour industry making the most of this season's biggest attraction. The result is disturbing, rather as though an advertising agency had set about finding and filming the Auschwitz Girl. Hollywood ought to realize there are some subjects which cannot be viewed through a star filter. □

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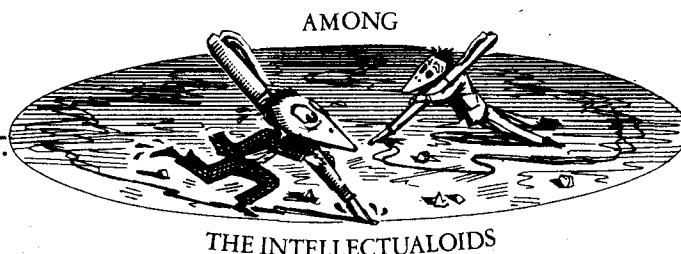
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LEARNED PSYCHOTICS

by Thomas S. Szasz

Perhaps because he does not have enough self-confidence, the ordinary person is likely to assume that when he cannot understand what someone in authority is saying, it is because he is too stupid or too uneducated. Authorities have always known this and have always exploited it by awing and bullying the plebes with Greek or Latin, with technical jargon, or, if need be, with gibberish.

Since psychiatry is a pseudoscience, it is not surprising that psychiatrists are especially eager to be accepted as scientific experts. Since they obviously cannot bring this about by discovering the causes and cures of mental diseases which—tragically for psychiatrists no less than for patients—do not exist, they have to do it by producing great quantities of gibberish. That is indeed the most constant and most frequent thing psychiatrists do, in speech as well as in print. George Orwell was not, but he might as well have been, writing about psychiatrists when he observed that “the great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one’s real and one’s declared aims, one turns as if it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a scufflefish squirting out ink.”

Although this was the furthest thing from what they had in mind, some years ago a group of mental-health educators conducted an experiment that demonstrated rather impressively the validity of my foregoing contention. The experiment consisted of the investigators’ hiring a professional actor “who looked distinguished and sounded authoritative,” naming him Dr. Myron L. Fox, bestowing upon him the persona of “an authority on the application of mathematics to human behavior,” and coaching him to teach “charismatically and non-substantively on a topic about which he knew nothing.”

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“Dr. Fox” addressed a group of psychiatrists, psychologists, and social-work educators and his lecture was videotaped. The tape was then shown to another similar group and finally to a group of educators and administrators taking a graduate course in educational philosophy. In all there were 55 subjects tested. The result: “All respondents had significantly more favorable than unfavorable responses. . . . One even believed he [had] read Dr. Fox’s publications.” Among the specific responses quoted by the investigators were the following: “Excellent presentation . . . Good analysis of the subject . . . Knowledgeable.” That this was the idea of a group of mental health experts about how to fake a psychiatric presentation is itself wonderfully revealing. But the best part of this experiment is, of course, that “Dr. Fox” was such a success.

“Dr. Fox’s” deliberately staged gibberish was delivered in 1972. In 1982, I discovered another “Dr. Fox-lecture,” this time given for real by a really distinguished psychiatrist before a really distinguished au-

dience. Since this address was published, I may quote from it, and I shall:

Recall that clinical experience and science do incrementally define the *selective* use of innovations, while policy reflexly greets innovation with prophecies of fiscal doom. In retrospect, the actual gains for health might render such poor prophets a loss! Where policy seeks formulas for determining choice and guiding treatment, science understands the fundamental basis for variability in disease and response and the method for sequentially approximating precision in the clinical process.

The author of this luminous passage, Daniel X. Freedman, is chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of Chicago. The lines quoted are from his presidential address delivered at the American Psychiatric Association’s annual meeting in May 1982.

When a prominent American psychiatrist writes such gibberish; when that psychiatrist occupies an endowed chair at one of America’s great universities and is the president of the American Psychiatric Association; when the gibberish is the published text of his presidential address delivered before the Ameri-

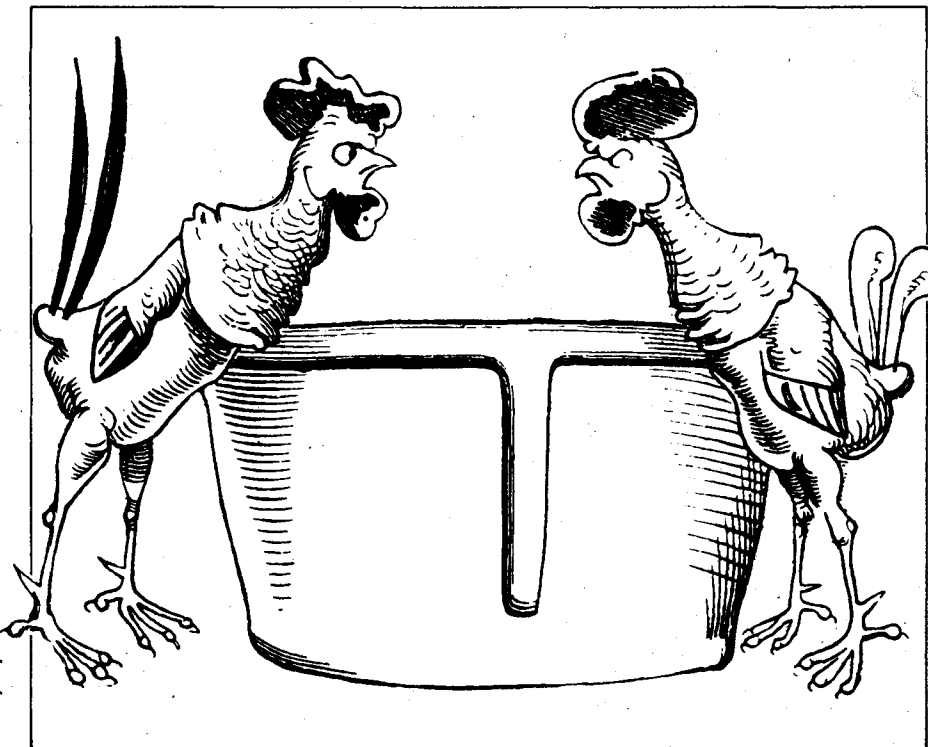
can Psychiatric Association; and when the *American Journal of Psychiatry* publishes said gibberish as if it were in English and made sense—then we face a situation about which somebody ought to say something. Since no “uncontroversial psychiatrist” would dare to say that a psychiatric emperor is naked, especially when the emperor insists he is sporting the most splendid garments, I volunteer my services as a “controversial psychiatrist” (which is the least offensive diagnosis my colleagues like to pin on me) to bring this piece of psychiatric skullduggery to the attention of the public.

Freedman begins his address with these words: “I will not reprise [sic] this past active APA year, but wherever we have worked, members of APA have engaged in lively discussion and useful action on critical topics.” Presumably, Freedman means that he will not review or repeat whatever it is that he is referring to.

Freedman evidently believes that “reprise” is a very serviceable word, because he uses it again, toward the middle of his address, where he writes: “The remarkable advent of pharmacotherapies has of course profoundly affected both basic science and clinical practice, and—more than I can here reprise [sic] it—complexly affected professional and public orientation to psychiatry.”

That is surely an odd way of saying that the currently fashionable use of drugs in psychiatry has profoundly affected both the profession and the public. But what is it that Freedman can’t “reprise” here? He says it is the “remarkable advent of pharmacotherapies.” But the introduction of certain drugs into psychiatry is simply a fact or occurrence. It need not be, and indeed cannot be, reviewed.

Ever since schizophrenia—the most dreaded and mysterious of so-called mental illnesses—was invented by the great Eugen Bleuler in 1911, it was supposedly charac-



terized, in Bleuler's own words, "by a specific type of alteration of thinking." However, since no human being can know what another thinks, this statement is necessarily false. What Bleuler meant, and said elsewhere, was that the so-called schizophrenic's "linguistic expression may show every imaginable abnormality"—for example, "poverty of ideas [and] incoherence."

Since the invention of schizophrenia, and especially since the Second World War, students of communication have been intensely interested in the language of "psychotics," which, perhaps because it is so overblown with pathetic conceit, is said to be "pathological." When so-called psychotics assert, for example, that they are the Savior or that the Russians are sending messages to their gold teeth, they lie so naively and so brazenly that their false claims are deemed to be the symptoms of madness. Ironically, the language of psychiatrists is often indistinguishable from the language of psychotics. Freedman's lecture is full of the sorts of linguistic delicts that psychiatrists regard as typical of the verbal behavior of schizophrenics.

I have already cited examples of the mumbo-jumbo Freedman passes off as professional wisdom. Here is an example of one of his pretentious claims supported by nothing more than conceit. "Clearly," Freedman declares, "all physicians attempt to enhance the individual's wishes for optimal self-regulation of functions—both physiologic and psychologic . . ." If that were true, physicians would be angels in a libertarian heaven. Since psychiatrists in general and Freedman in particular are enthusiastic supporters of psychiatric coercions and mutilations—Freedman is even eulogized by a colleague in an accompanying article for his contributions to the Yale lobotomy project—the claim about physicians' (without exception) favoring "self-regulation" is a patent falsehood.

Consistent with the magisterial style Freedman affects, he addresses the views of those with whom he disagrees in an appropriately haughty and disdainful tone. Some of those who criticize psychiatry, never named or otherwise identified, seek "simplistics as an escape from the painful exercise of judgment. Others are invested in ignoring both our science base and the real-world context for clinical decision making. They toy with the mentally ill as a metaphor for pet philosophical, political, personal, or just plain miserly bureaucratic purposes." It is difficult to be sure just what this means, though it certainly implies

that Freedman is a noble person, whereas those who behave in the ways he describes are ignoble.

"One wonders," Freedman continues, "about the despairing impatience of some of our colleagues or angry residents who have written retributively silly books." Not a single reference to a "retributively silly book" is cited, however.

In short, Freedman does not "review" past events, he "reprises" them; he does not recognize writings critical of psychiatry, he regards them instead as "retributive," and "silly" as well. The paranoid talks bizarrely about unidentified "theys" plotting against him; Freedman writes presidentially about unidentified "theys" opposing the "science base" of psychiatry. But regardless of the evidence against it, we stubbornly cling to our belief that the mental patient's language is psychotic and the psychiatrist's is scientific. *Credo quia absurdum.* □

MILLER

(continued from page 15)

inevitable blows of destiny and not to succumb to despair." In fact, the believer is often strengthened in his belief by the actuality of human suffering—strengthened in his feeling that eventually God will make sense of what appears to be senseless. (Dwelling on the importance of an afterlife to belief, Kolakowski says that "if the course of the universe and of human affairs has no meaning related to eternity, it has no meaning at all.") Yet if human suffering strengthens the faith of the believer, it convinces the unbeliever that belief is impossible. We are faced, it would seem, with two radically different views of reality, and Kolakowski ends his book by saying that the conflict between the Sacred and the Profane is "cultural, not logical, and it is arguably rooted in the persistent, irreconcilable claims imposed on us by various forces within human nature."

Yet perhaps the gulf between the two worlds is not as great as Kolakowski suggests. For one thing, most religious writers dwell on the difficulties of belief—revealing how the believer often is assailed by unbelief and how he struggles to defeat the forces of rational despair. "Even in the life of a Christian," Flannery O'Connor says in her letters, "faith rises and falls like the tides of an invisible sea." Second, many believers do not worry about the profound difference between

religious discourse and ordinary—or even scientific—discourse. They move continually from one world to another, their daily work as a businessman or engineer or scientist having no effect on their ability to worship.

The persistence of faith in the United States, a country founded mainly by Deists devoted to the principles of the Enlightenment, a country that has been accused of being materialistic as well as being preoccupied with technological progress, is a phenomenon that startles many observers. Several recent studies show that Americans by and large remain a very religious people. According to the author of a new book on Middletown, the name given to a mid-sized town in Indiana that was the subject of a famous sociological study some fifty years ago, "we have not been able to find any trace of the great massive trend that was supposed to be carrying us irresistibly out of an age of faith into an age of practical reason. What has happened instead—the persistence and renewal of religion in a changing society—is much more interesting than the secularization that never occurred." Another recent study revealed that 41 percent of the American public attends church services every week—the same percentage as in 1941.

To some degree modernization does weaken religious faith, but in the long run faith is probably bolstered by modernization. It is not that people become disillusioned with progress; most people favor commercial expansion and technological progress, but sooner or later they conclude that one can't bow before them, as the Enlightenment did. Commercial expansion and technological progress relieve poverty, reduce disease, and in general make life more endurable, but they do not infuse life with meaning. They aid the body but do not speak to the soul. During the 1960s, many Americans tried to assuage their souls' hunger by turning to drugs, to psychological gimmicks, to intense personal "relationships." Some still look in these directions, but an increasing number have turned (or returned) to religion—turned, moreover, away from mainline churches to churches that stress personal salvation and communion with God as the central experience of worship.

Thus the grandiose program of the Enlightenment to expunge religion from Western civilization has failed. Voltaire would be disappointed. So too would Marx, whose program was

the most Promethean of them all; he thought that once the ills of the body were cured and society reached a level of abundance where each would be given according to his needs, then the ills of the soul would wither away. Leaders of Marxist-Leninist regimes have failed miserably to address the ills of the body through their disastrous economic programs, and they have not been able to destroy worship. Despite massive anti-religious indoctrination in the Soviet Union's schools and despite punishment (or threat of punishment) for those who persist in being religious and raising their children according to their faith, religion endures. In Andrei Sinyavsky's brilliant novel, *The Makepiece Experiment*, which is a parable of Stalinist Russia, the narrator speaks of the old women in church: "Where did they find the strength to keep alive, let alone to drag themselves to church?" Religion, Sinyavsky implies, is an indestructible force.

It is a force, however, that at times is strong, at other times weak, strong or weak in societies as well as individuals. To many this religious revival—if indeed there is one—is disturbing; it is a retreat into irrationality, a disavowal of scientific method, a fear of works of art that focus on the illicit and immoral. Looking at what the Ayatollah Khomeini hath wrought in Iran, it is difficult to applaud a movement away from secularism, especially since it is clear that in the past religiosity often has been destructive of civic order. Yet if a Khomeini frightens us, a Lech Walesa edifies us. This is the Walesa who spoke with contempt of the Communist authorities before he was arrested: "Our souls contain exactly the contrary of what they wanted. They wanted us not to believe in God, and our churches are full. They wanted us to be materialistic and incapable of sacrifices; we are anti-materialistic and capable of sacrifice."

I suspect that charismatic souls such as Khomeini and Walesa stir some people—perhaps many—to become believers, yet belief finally is a mystery and it is impossible to fathom why a person like Samuel Johnson will be intensely religious and someone like David Hume will be indifferent to religion. But now that we have ushered Freud and Marx out the door and are no longer obliged to make use of their crude explanatory formulas, we should follow Kolakowski's path and look more closely not only at the phenomenon of worship but also at the dynamics of faith. And by "we" I mean non-believers as well as believers. □

Jacobo Timerman's ordeal began in April 1977. Argentina's military authorities arrested the prominent journalist and publisher, subjecting him to cruel interrogations and hideous torture. Acting against the wishes of the country's supreme court and even its president, the generals did not let Timerman go until the end of 1977, when they annulled his citizenship and expelled him.

Fortunately, Jacobo Timerman had a place to go, a country that had worked all along for his release, that not only welcomed him but granted him citizenship at once: Israel. A life-long Zionist, Timerman considered Israel his home rather than a mere refuge; he thought of his arrival as the completion of a voyage, a kind of return. From there, he exacted his revenge on his torturers by telling his story, which he understood as a survivor's testimony.

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number—all the above information is taken from it—brought much acclaim to Jacobo Timerman, some of it deserved. He writes well, and at his best he used the heat of hatred to forge his style into a weapon against injustice. The book amounted to more than a personal tale of suffering and endurance, though it was certainly that; it illuminated the lot of the political prisoner in many times and places; it even cast some light on the perplexities of Argentinean politics.

However, the book also entangled Timerman in acrimonious controversy. *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number* raised a number of troubling questions. Why had Timerman been arrested? He suggests that his being a Jew as well as a champion of human rights proved too much for the authorities, but was that the whole or the real story? Timerman's business partner had been involved in the financing of subversive activities, and Timerman's arrest might well have been triggered by his connection with David Graiver. That would not in the least justify those who jailed Timerman, but why had Timerman failed to mention Graiver in his account?

Timerman's vituperative responses to his critics, many of whom knew the situation in Argentina as well as he, only served to broaden the questions raised. If Timerman had not been

THE LONGEST WAR: ISRAEL IN LEBANON

Jacobo Timerman / Alfred A. Knopf / \$11.95

Werner J. Dannhauser

arrested because he was a Jew—though being Jewish surely harmed him once he was in prison—perhaps he had exaggerated the intensity of Argentinean anti-Semitism? Anti-Semitism is always to be deplored, but was the Argentinean regime so perfidious that it exposed as knaves or fools all those who tried to distinguish its authoritarianism from totalitarianism?

Finally, what was one to make of Timerman's venomous comments about the Argentinean Jewish community? He had likened Jewish leaders to those Jews who had collaborated with the Nazis. The situation of Argentine Jewry was surely quite difficult and might not be enviable, but were most of the Jews there either blind or cowardly, as Timerman suggested, when they kept building synagogues and community centers instead of fleeing or fighting?

All these questions concern Jacobo

Timerman's credibility. They are fair questions, though they may sound harsh, for Timerman always writes as a witness and in a witness credibility is all. The basic question of credibility could not be resolved simply on the basis of *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*. It was not enough to refute Timerman on the basis of facts: a mistaken witness differs from a deceitful one. Nothing could be done about assessing his reliability until the appearance of another volume in the same mode. The new book provides new evidence, and with that evidence Jacobo Timerman has gone a long way toward indicting himself.

The Longest War concerns Israel's invasion of Lebanon in June 1982 as well as Timerman's reactions to subsequent events of what he calls "Sharon's War," a war he views as completely unnecessary and hence

completely unjust. Israel was not even provoked for there "were no difficulties along the northern border" and the general situation in the Middle East these days is such that the Israeli "doesn't fear for his security."

As the war goes on Timerman frets about Israel's expenditure of the blood of its young people, but above all about the moral costs of a war in which Israel commits so many crimes and thus incurs so much guilt. The war shakes "the foundations of the moral structure on which Israel was built." Israel has forfeited all claim to be a light unto the nations; instead it has become "the South Africa of the Middle East," or its Prussia, or its Chile, or its Argentina under Peron. Timerman makes all these comparisons but criticizes those who would compare the Israelis with the Nazis.

Timerman writes in the present tense, in a form reminiscent of a journal, so that he is able to illustrate his growing despair and rage as week of war follows week of war. The war commands the support of the majority of Israelis. That becomes for Timerman either a sure sign of the majority's manipulation by its leaders or else a sure sign of the perils of democracy itself. Israel begins to lose a genuine sense of continuity and identity by ceasing to be true to itself. The Jews are no better, though perhaps no worse, than the Palestinians. Begin, who is inept and "unbalanced," is no better than Arafat. What the Israelis, whom the war has turned into "efficient criminals," are doing cannot be called genocide, yet the author fears that the collective subconscious "may not be wholly repelled by the possibility of a Palestinian genocide." Israel quite literally nauseates Jacobo Timerman: "I can only relieve myself by vomiting for this Israel . . ." The Begin government is "establishing the basis" for "a totalitarian country."

Yet hope mingles with Timerman's gloom, a hope derived from all those Israelis who protest against the war. Perhaps they, who now constitute no more than a substantial minority, will be able to recall the whole country to its senses. Perhaps Israel will come to see that no military solution to its problems exists but that a political solution is quite simple: the establishment of a Palestinian state. Perhaps Israel will atone



Werner J. Dannhauser is a Fellow at the National Humanities Center.

for its sins by rebuilding Lebanon. Perhaps Israel will engage the Arabs in a fruitful dialogue.

Perhaps, perhaps not. The book concludes with Timerman's reaction to the news of the "Beirut Massacre" of September 1982. Timerman has no doubt whatsoever that the massacre was organized by the Israeli army. He knows that any investigation will in effect protect the criminals—Begin, Sharon, and Israel's entire general staff—"from the punishment they deserve."

The story Timerman tells cannot be dismissed because of its left-wing bias, though he is a biased man of the Left. After all, an honorable man of the Left like Conor Cruise O'Brien has managed to be fair to Israel; in fact, on the basis of personal experience, O'Brien has been able flatly to contradict Timerman's assertion that the Lebanese did not really welcome Israeli soldiers. They really did, and eyewitnesses of many political persuasions have given the lie to the author of *The Longest War* on this point.

What disturbs one, then, is not Timerman's point of view but his disingenuousness about his point of view. He does, to be sure, admit and assert that he is of the Left, but he is forever trying to position himself as a moderate. He denounces the Soviet Union now and then until it appears as depraved as, say, Argentina; he has nothing but blame for Stalin as well as for the U.S. role in Vietnam; he even talks about fascism of the Left (though not about Communism of the Right). What exposes him are little things, like his frequent resort to left-wing terminology (it's been a long time since I have seen the word "progressive" used that way outside of overtly Marxist literature) and his way of identifying right-wingers as such while remaining silent about the political sympathies of those on the Left.

The same lack of candor informs Timerman's political argumentation in general. One may contend that Israel's march into Lebanon constituted an excessive reaction to provocation, but to deny there was provocation is to court dishonesty. Timerman has next to nothing to say about the presence of Soviet-built Syrian missiles in Lebanon prior to the war, a presence conceded to be "intolerable" to Israel, and tolerated by it for over a year while Ambassador Habib negotiated in vain for their removal. Moreover, Timerman constantly downgrades the strength of the PLO, as if to divert attention from the fact that it was an armed terrorist force dedicated to the destruction of Israel,

a force no nation, let alone a nation which possesses the virtue of self-respect, could be expected to countenance on its borders. He goes so far as to refer to "the fact" that "the Palestinians were preparing to recognize Israel before we invaded Lebanon." That alleged fact receives no documentation; there is none.

Underestimating Israel's problems—to put the matter as mildly as possible—Timerman goes on to underestimate the difficulties of a solution to those problems. He repeatedly suggests that all will be well once the Palestinians have a state of their own. He acts as though all right-thinking Israelis see the need for such a state. But the Socialist Shimon Peres, for whom Timerman has some kind words, opposes the Palestinian state as much as does the Revisionist Menachem Begin, for whom he has only words of loathing. So oblivious does he appear to the weighty arguments against the establishment of yet another sovereign nation in the region that one may be tempted to give Timerman the benefit of the doubt on the question of honesty and dismiss him as an honest simpleton.

That temptation must be resisted. The very style of *The Longest War* precludes innocence. Jacobo Timerman is a very sophisticated writer—and a dishonest one. The most frequent device he employs in the service of dishonesty is hyperbole that passes over gradually into untruth. Consider, for example, his account of what he sees during a brief trip to Lebanon. All wars entail horrible sights; this one was no exception. The fighting resulted in extensive damage to cities like Tyre and Sidon. But those cities were not razed by Israel, or systematically destroyed by the Israelis, as Timerman insists more than once. He lies.

In the example I have just cited the lie might conceivably be a second-degree lie, if there is such a thing, an untruth that results from excessive passion. But Timerman also lies when his passions function with less intensity, as when he blandly states that "all those born in Israel understand the tongue of their parents," a patent falsehood. Here the lie is simply self-serving. The truth is that Jacobo Timerman must downgrade the importance of his ignorance of Hebrew. He is a man who does not know the national language of the nation he describes and condemns, but he never hesitates to pose as an expert on its psyche.

As one reads along in *The Longest War*, one realizes that Timerman

hardly ever hesitates to pose about anything. Thus he poses as someone to whom the war comes as a shocking revelation of Begin's fascist tendencies, when the truth is that he had been grumbling about Begin's fascism years before the war. Thus, too, he poses as a steadfast champion of democracy when the truth is that he is a former supporter of Peron who believes in democracy only when democratic procedures happen to result in policies of which he approves.

There are many kinds of posing. Timerman can be said to exemplify the poseur as existentialist. He parades his feelings, above all those connected with anguish and nausea. He muses about alienation, takes pride in authenticity, likes to pontificate about Albert Camus, and forthrightly pronounces himself in favor of "dialogue" between Jews and Arabs. It does not seem to occur to him that understanding one's adversary can bring about war as well as peace, and he has probably never considered the wisdom of the Bible in making the first human dialogue—between Cain and Abel—the prelude to the first murder.

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Poseurs are usually ridiculous, and it is easy enough to ridicule the author of *The Longest War* for his hollow rhetoric—but only until one realizes that what is at stake is the good name and security of Israel, a beleaguered democracy. Realizing as much, one must put aside all mockery and denounce Jacobo Timerman for what he is—a witness who bears false witness. □

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THE YOUNG REBECCA

Rebecca West, edited by Jane Marcus / The Viking Press / \$25.00

1900

Rebecca West / The Viking Press / \$19.95

Herb Greer

Consider poor Thomas Chatterton, who blossomed young, was starved of applause, and killed himself in despair. In our time there is the more ghastly case of Norman Mailer, who for the sake of literature ought, perhaps, to have done the same. Instead he was glutted with praise, as he simultaneously ripened and rotted, like a medlar. There have been so many of these bright starts which faded away, like Arthur Rimbaud, or warped at last into a stunted crankiness, like Bernard Shaw in his dotage. It is as though some envious god had laid a random curse upon literary talent of a certain excellence.

Nevertheless a few escape. In December of last year Dame Rebecca West was ninety years old. As a writer she has never been ignored, but neither has she been stuffed like a French goose with the sort of hyped

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demotic adulation which is now a commercial commonplace. Her writing is still as fresh, clear, lambent, and graceful as it was when she began her career before the First World War, at the age of eighteen. The work of those early days, which delighted and sometimes outraged her contemporaries, was until last year almost entirely buried in the archives of universities, libraries, and defunct publications. Thanks to a British feminist publisher, Virago, and Viking, some of this is now available to the present generation of American readers. Much of it is enjoyable and historically interesting, but the book could have been a good deal better than it is. The fault lies with the editor, an apparently feminist and vaguely left-wing academic called Jane Marcus, who has made the selection and contributed the gloss.

The Young Rebecca contains essays, book reviews, biographical sketches, one piece of rather bad fiction, and some other miscellaneous journalism, ranging from a magazine debut in 1911 to work for British dailies six years later. The saving grace of this anthology is its heartening proof that a brilliant intelligence, honesty, and superb literary flair can triumph over the facile underdogger and superficial prejudice which come naturally to a passionate teenager.

At this time—Miss Marcus asserts confidently—Rebecca West was writing “as a convinced socialist . . . and a dedicated feminist” and “was clear that the ideas of feminism were inseparable from those of socialism.” Now these are tricky terms to throw at a reader in the 1980s, when the political context is changed altogether and (as Miss Marcus forgets to mention) both “isms” have quite different connotations from those they carried in the Britain of 1911-17. The occasionally breathtaking coverage in this book shows that feminism in those days was a serious and often very dangerous affair—for women. Female Britons in the early years of this century were a species of foreigners in male-dominated public

life, really banal and second-class citizens; they were subject to types of misprision and actual assault that a jury today would probably regard as just cause for homicide.

The feminist movement did not arise among the “oppressed” working-class, but with middle-class women who had time on their hands and so were able to think for themselves about the worn-out social patterns which condoned—among other abuses—a denial of their access to public life and the deprivation of their property rights in marriage. As they had not before, these women demanded a recognition of their capability and independence as full-fledged human beings rather than household chattels. Like other protesters they tended to see conspiracy where there was habit, and to use exaggerated polemic to attract attention and shame their opponents. But they did have a legitimate cause. Women who demonstrated even for the banal democratic perquisite of suffrage were furiously denounced by reactionary members of their own sex; they were beaten up, sometimes viciously, by police or male bystanders, always with impunity. The same women were imprisoned and subjected to force-feeding of a barbaric cruelty and crudity, now and then with fatal results. It was a very far cry from the hen-party sociological caviling and post-adolescent identity problems of most so-called “feminists” today.

The young Rebecca wrote in support of her feminist contemporaries with stunning eloquence and a withering contempt for the smugness of the male establishment of the day. But as she herself says, her dedication did not extend to activism. She was not the marching type, but a consistently sane advocate who could (and did) censure her own side for their wilder flights of biological fancy, and for a certain tendency to promote the sex-hatred which is still around today. She was deadly with adversaries in print, easily able to strangle an antifeminist author with the rope of his own prejudice, chapter and verse:

“Bodily unfaithfulness rather than spiritual unfaithfulness” comes natural to them [i.e. men]. “If a wife is unfaithful to her husband, a bigger revolution takes place in her moral nature than takes place in the moral nature of her husband.” In other words, a man is always more of a hog than a woman.

Ugh! Men aren’t like this. . . . Yet . . . this book will stir up many doubts. . . .

Unfortunately Miss Marcus is determined to make *The Young*

Rebecca harp on the feminist string at all costs. To this end she includes material which belongs back in the archives—reviews of obscure works by forgotten authors like Louis Billington Grieg, Mary H.J. Skrine, W.L. George, et al. In order to make room for this stuff she has omitted an account of the first British performance of Chekhov’s *The Cherry Orchard*, a piece on Sir Edward Carson and the Irish question, and commentary on pacifism, anti-Semitism, and Bertrand Russell, any of which would surely retain its heat in today’s political climate.

Like any writer young or old, Rebecca West committed her share of howlers to paper, and there are splendid examples in this book:

The men of the commercial and financial world are the merest accident of a complicated social system; their work has nothing to do with the satisfaction of the natural hungers of mankind . . .

But even within the seven-year scope of this collection, she grows visibly in her social and political grasp of the events she is writing about. Framed by her peculiar brand of sanity, this tends to diminish her mistakes, so that they matter less than the excellence or sheer power of what is there besides.

Miss Marcus, on the other hand, places errors and banality at the very center of her concerns, so that they dominate her writing. Socialism, she says, “is a way of thinking which could make all men behave like brothers in the ordinary pursuits of life.” It would be gormless enough for anyone who knew the story of Cain and Abel to write that at any time. To write it in the 1980s is a dereliction of common sense. But there is worse. As an academic in the field of English literature, Miss Marcus labels the years 1911-17 as “an age which saw the debasement of language.” These were the last years of Henry James. There were others about, including Ezra Pound, James Joyce, T.S. Eliot, and a few more who were giving new life and power to our wretched tongue—including, of course, Rebecca West. Worst of all, Miss Marcus’s editing and commentary are intensely annoying because they try to cram the young Rebecca into a mold clearly too narrow to hold her. The gloss should be read skeptically and with great care—if at all.

Obviously Miss Marcus has read the contents of this book but manages to overlook one glaringly patent fact: the “socialism” stitched into some of the coverage and essays is pro-forma rhetoric, a left-wing jargon which sticks out of Rebecca West’s

style like several sore fists. This so-called socialism is in any case a badly leached product, like the political snake-oil hawked about by Shaw and others at the time. In a later book, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, Dame Rebecca was to describe Shaw's socialism; the template is a perfect fit for her own in *The Young Rebecca*:

A socialism which has nothing to it except a belief that it would be a nicer world if everyone were all clean and well fed, which is based on no analysis of man and depends on no theory of the state.

Such a cuckoo-cloud is hardly "inseparable" from the brutally concrete realities of early feminism. Indeed, it hardly belongs to the same logical universe.

The young Rebecca's last contribution to the socialist *Clarion* will be found in this collection. It contains these words:

The fact is that this idea of sacrificing the individual to the state never works. . . . The people who draw down salvation to earth are the people who insist on self-realization. . . .

It's hard to see how a "convinced socialist" could have written that or, in another place, this:

A walk down the Strand shows us that the phrase "all life is sacred" is about as significant as the statement "God is love."

I doubt also whether the sort of dour political puritan who goes in for collectivist creeds could have reached the exuberant high point of this book, which is a delicious little essay "On the Need for Riotous Living."

Having finished this interesting sample of Dame Rebecca's early writing, one may then turn to 1900, the latest work of this remarkable woman, also published in her ninetyeth year. There is no point in being consequential about it, because this is really a glorified coffee-table book, prefaced with a month-to-month summary of selected events and decorated with many large and beautiful photographs—including one of the six-year-old Rebecca being fed blackberries by her big sister. Volumes like this are usually left about the living room or parlor to be picked up and scanned idly during conversation about something else. That kind of attention would be a serious mistake in this case.

1900 deserves to be read, carefully and at length. It is a leisurely, somewhat old-fashioned piece of belles-lettres in the best sense of that term, and yet a little more, because it is not mere literary display. Dame Rebecca's style still moves with a

light Edwardian grace, and her intelligence, narrative flair, and humor are as keen as they have ever been. Easily, almost cinematically, she weaves through, in, and around a wide kaleidoscopic torrent of people and events which spilled over the year 1900 and into "our rude new century." She actually begins a little before the end of the 1800s with the death of William Ewart Gladstone,

the great British prime minister whom—as she says—many people saw as a kind of father. She then comments on Gladstone's successors:

Who is there in that lot one would want as a father, except perhaps Mrs. Thatcher? That choice would be irregular but safe. . . . Since 1900 we have had no certainty at any time that there was somebody who would take care of us. We

were going to have to look after ourselves.

Her field of view extends well beyond the British Isles, across the America of Mark Twain, Teddy Roosevelt, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and the execution of blacks in the electric chair. There are excursions to the Far East, to Europe, and down into South Africa for the Vietnam-like troubles of the Boer

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War. Again and again one comes upon exquisite snapshots of leading figures of the time: Henry James and Asquith likened to perfect butlers, or Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain to "a single highly polished boot, with a monocle in one of its eyelets, and not at all unlikeable." Here is a glance at Alexandra, the wife of Edward VII:

She was the loveliest creature, designed with such genius and made of such precious material that she ended not much less beautiful than she had begun. But I do not think that anyone amongst the people around me in 1900, including those who must have seen her at her most moving, said, "A terrible thing happened to that woman. She was raped of her youth." Instead they told funny stories about her unpunctuality, which were probably true, for certainly she had a right to be at odds with time. . . .

There are unexpected links with our own generation:

Max Born was a German physicist, born in 1882, one of the bright boys who went straight from school to the dazzling transformation scene of physics of that day. The Borns were charming people. (A sample of their charm delights the world today in the person of Miss Olivia

Newton-John, the singer, who is their granddaughter.)

As the billboards say, there is much, much more—personalities, art, music, politics, science, and no trace of the Indian-summer clichés which sometimes color accounts of the days before World War I. It is history of a time as turbulent as our own, with a personal touch that is like no one else's. Describing the text in too much detail would make it sound like one of those survey courses suffered through by bored undergraduates. But this modest, civilized essay must be one of the best cures for boredom to be found today in any bookshop. It evokes something Dickens put into the mouth of a character in *Hard Times*:

People must be amused. They can't always be a learning, nor yet they can't always be a working. They ain't made for it.

Of course most readers are going to learn something from this book, probably something unusual. For instance, they may be astonished to discover that imperialism has a little

more to be said for it than its current boo-word status might suggest. But all that is a supplement to the amusement and pleasure of the reading. This rests mainly on what I suppose to be the very rarest of qualities in our contemporary writ-

ing: a fundamental sense of soundness and sanity which, by some queer osmotic process I do not quite understand, seems to pass from the prose into the reader and makes him feel better. Certainly we are all made for that. □

THE ECONOMY IN MIND

Warren T. Brookes / Universe Books / \$15.95

Melville J. Ulmer

Within the comfortably established, incestuous cabal of Ivy League economists, the name Arthur Laffer

Melville J. Ulmer is professor of economics at the University of Maryland, author of numerous professional books and articles, and a frequent contributor to Commentary and other periodicals.

was a source of unceasing indifference. When mentioned at all, Laffer was a laughing matter—an impertinent lad in his early thirties, a junior technician in the Ford Administration who seemed determined to win public notice even if it took making an ass of himself. His most ridiculous error was to deny the sacred truth of John Maynard Keynes's masterwork, *The Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. That truth, as they saw it, is that when tax rates are raised, tax receipts rise, and that the opposite ensues when tax rates are reduced.

Not necessarily so, said Laffer, and hence the titters. And it must be conceded that at times this ebullient child prodigy seemed to be saying that a tax reduction could cure anything from inflation to influenza. Nevertheless, his central point was—and it may seem obvious now—that taxes can reach a level so lofty that a further increase would inhibit the incentive to work as hard as we once did, to take business risks as boldly, or save and invest as much. In that event a boost in tax rates would lower output and incomes, so much so that total tax payments would diminish. Add to these reasons the heightened inducement to find shelters and other devices to ward off the bite of the IRS, and the picture is complete.

As the 1970s wore on with their inflation, tax-bracket creep, and stalling productivity, Laffer became more and more convinced that the critical point he dreaded had already been reached. President Reagan's insistence on a quick and generous reduction in taxes, as soon as he took office, was widely construed in powerful left-leaning media as irresponsible and idiosyncratic demagoguery. Although he was therefore forced to compromise somewhat, Reagan's stance was a logical reaction to Laffer's keen observation.

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What the economics establishment did not realize, nor perhaps Laffer himself, is that Laffer had fired the first salvo in what has come to be a Second Civil War—an essentially intellectual conflict in which the weapons are words in print or otherwise, and at stake the support of the majority of the voting public.

For Laffer's unorthodox view of taxes was merely the tip of a political iceberg. At bottom was and is a more fundamental issue. Does the economic welfare of a democratic capitalist system depend primarily on the welfare of private enterprise? Or is the latter a secondary consideration, one that can be thwarted at will to allow for the more knowledgeable and compassionate planning of government? Granted the obvious, that both business and government are essential, the question is one of *primacy*, leading in turn to the well-known side-issues of income redistribution, government regulations, interest rates, budgetary deficits, and individual freedom—in sum, the survival of a customary way of life.

Loosely we may call the two sides in the conflict the Left (neo-Keynesians, conventional liberals, socialists) and the Right (conservatives, neoconservatives, centrists). Since 1980 it is the latter who have taken the offensive, with a flood of articles and at least four major books, the most recent of which is Warren T. Brookes's *The Economy in Mind*.*

In this new book the author gives considerable attention to both Laffer's notion about taxes and the relationship between private enterprise and the commonweal. Brookes buttresses his conservative position with ample statistics when necessary, and with persuasive argumentation. As the title suggests, however, the distinctive element of *The Economy in Mind* is its stress on the spiritual aspect of wealth, more in the sense of the intangible than of the mystical. In the words of St. Paul, Brookes's chief concern is with "the evidence of things not seen"—precisely the kind of immaterial data that are perforce excluded from the quantitative models of professional economists. With wide experience in business and economic journalism, Brookes admittedly lacks the customary credentials for that profession and so has a freer, if not always certain, hand.

With *The Economy in Mind*, Warren Brookes also joins the chorus

*The three other books are Jude Wanniski, *The Way the World Works*, 1978; George Gilder, *Wealth and Poverty*, 1981; and Herman Kahn, *The Coming Boom*, 1982.

of thinkers—among them George Gilder, Michael Novak, and Julian Simon—who believe in "the ultimate potential of the mind and spirit" over finite resources:

To this day, those on the left, including the most noble civil libertarians and traditional liberals who otherwise support political and social freedom, argue that the free marketplace cannot cope with the equitable distribution of what they regard

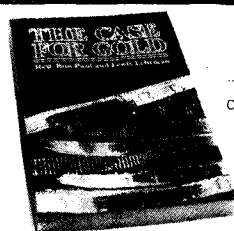
as limited material wealth. While they reject the totalitarianism of Marxist states, they succumb to Malthusian views of limits to growth. In this sense, they fail to understand that the intellectual and spiritual forces that seem to produce wealth relatively easily in a free-market setting are, themselves, the real wealth of the universe—the unlimited substance that sustains us. It is this essentially spiritual view of the world's economy that really separates the supply-siders who believe in growth as a fundamental

economic mandate and the demand-siders who think in terms of redistribution.

The result of the conventional liberal's misconception of the immaterial, Brookes says, is material, aside from the misplaced preoccupation with redistribution. When reasonably free, the human imagination can create new resources, as development of the internal com-

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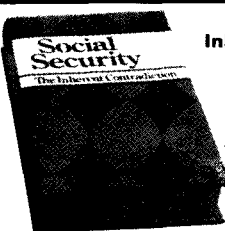
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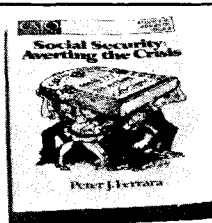


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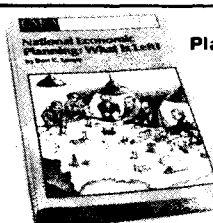
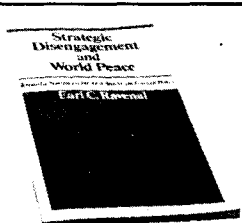
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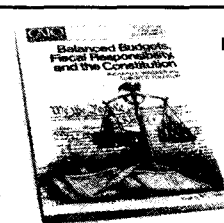
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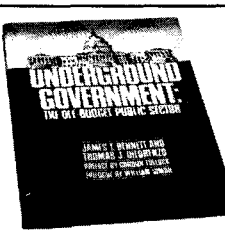


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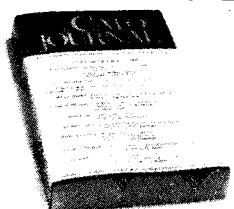
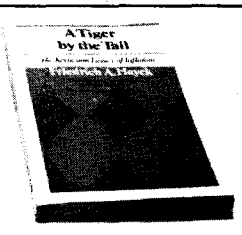
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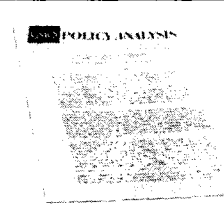
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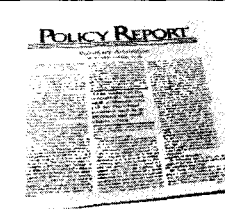
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bustion engine created petroleum and the now massive computer industry created silicon—created as valuable and economically retrievable resources. Among the great obstacles impeding such progress, Brookes points to supply-stifling price controls on energy and rent, the progressive income tax, and the costly safety, environmental, and antitrust regulations that handicap

American industry in international competition at home and abroad.

In all this, which may be called supply-side economics in the *broadest* sense, Brookes conducts the exposition with grace and clarity. His theme here is the tie that binds the otherwise strangely disparate members of the Reagan Administration. But there are also other, narrower versions of supply-side economics,

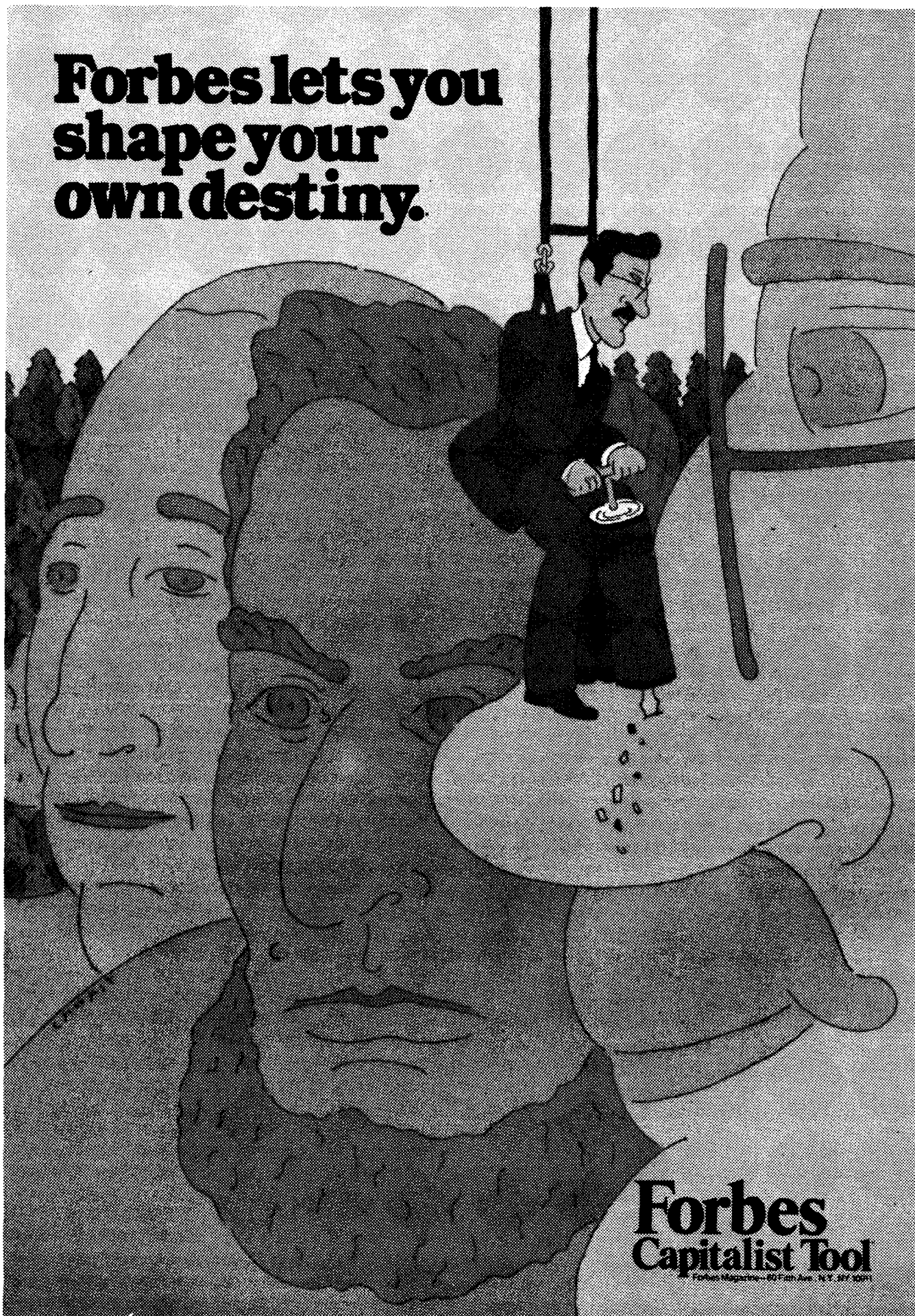
appearing as eddies of controversy in the grander stream, and reflected in the ideological positions of such personalities as Lewis Lehrman, Congressman Jack Kemp, Beryl Sprinkel, Robert Mundell, and Paul Craig Roberts. Brookes, incongruously, seems to support them all, and his exuberance leads to some overly generous interpretations of the supporting evidence.

For example, it is entirely possible to advocate tax cuts under appropriate circumstances without claiming that the turning points of all business cycles in the past are fully explained by the jiggling of tax rates. Increases always herald recessions and reductions as reliably stimulate recoveries, if we are to believe Brookes. Yet further thought would convince him, I'm sure, that a countless variety of forces enter the picture—relations between wages and prices, investment and profit margins, inventories and sales, interest rates and the money supply, the government's budget and its deficit, etc.—and that periodic upturns and severe downturns appeared long before neo-Keynesians ever thought about changing tax rates. Similar over-simplifications disturb his ardent support of the gold standard where he fails to acknowledge that (a) gold is a commodity subject to unsettling fluctuations in supply and demand not fundamentally different from those in steel, oil, or copper; and (b) in place of relying on so capricious a base for the supply of money, there are other, more effective ways to contribute order and discipline to monetary growth, as Milton Friedman has shown.

Finally, like a quarterback hit from the blind side, Brookes fumbles to the opposition just when he thought he had a touchdown toss in sight. In his zeal to prove that a flat tax-rate—the same rate for all, with no complicated deductions—is preferable to our present progressive tax structure, Brookes falls into the booby trap the “left-liberals” had set for him. The trap is a statistical fiction, propagated by his ideological opposition in the media and academia, that despite mountains of transfer payments, non-money benefits like Medicaid and food stamps, and a “nominally” progressive income tax (heightened by bracket creep), the poor have grown poorer and the rich richer. Their proposed lesson: try harder, or perhaps abandon corrupt capitalism for pure, sweet socialism. Hit from the blind side, Brookes naively exclaims that the progressive income tax isn't even successful in achieving its own avowed objective since “the distribution of income in our nation changed very little over a period of 30 years,” and during the 1970s “actually reversed itself.”

All this, as I have demonstrated elsewhere, and without successful retort,[†] is sheer left-liberal propaganda. Contrary to the planted myth,

[†]See “Our Egalitarian Economists,” *Commentary*, September 1982.



a more critical and objective analysis of the data shows that by 1980 the distribution of income had moved halfway to perfect equality from where it was in the 1950s. That truth would be a much better argument for a flat tax than the false one Brookes has innocently repeated.

It is difficult to find a perfect book in economics, if any there be. Although *The Economy in Mind* is surely not one of them, nevertheless, it is an interesting introduction to supply-side economics and a welcome testimony to the supreme value of personal freedom. □

THE BELARUS SECRET

John Loftus, edited by Nathan Miller / The Free Press / \$13.95

Alexander J. Motyl

The 1930s were an especially nasty time in the Soviet Union, even by Stalin's standards. Millions of peasants were killed or exiled during the forced collectivization campaign; millions more, particularly Ukrainians, died of starvation in a famine tolerated, if not exactly engineered, by the central authorities. Rapid industrialization reduced the workers to slavish automatons forced to live and work in appalling conditions. The cultural and intellectual elites were either standardized or destroyed. The Party, bureaucracy, and military were "purged" with devastating effect. The secret police ran wild, state terror penetrated every aspect of life, the GULAG became a growth industry. Stalin's crimes made Hitler look like a benevolent despot.

No wonder, then, that Germany's invasion of the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941 was welcomed by the vast majority of Stalin's subjects. Red Army soldiers refused to fight for the Soviet dictator and surrendered en masse. Peasants, hoping for the abolition of the hated collective-farm system, met German tanks with gifts of bread and salt. The non-Russians—Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Balts, and others—hoped that Hitler's promises of a "New Order" included plans for their own independence from Russia. Temporary dependence on Berlin seemed a small price to pay for freedom from Moscow.

Few, if any, survivors of Stalin's hecatombs expected their Nazi "liberators" to be even more inhuman than their Communist oppressors. Even fewer suspected what fate awaited the Jews. After all, so the

Alexander J. Motyl is author of *The Turn to the Right, a study of Ukrainian nationalism in the 1920s*, and a contributor to *Survey*, *Slavic Review*, and other publications.

thinking went, nothing could be worse than Stalin.

Of the millions of non-Russians who greeted the Soviet Union's apparent collapse a small, primarily émigré, minority actually assisted the German invaders as translators, scouts, soldiers, and intelligence agents. Once German rule was established, numerous locals entered the civilian "self-help" administrations tolerated by the occupiers or joined the auxiliary police forces. Who were they, these collaborators? A small number were Nazis and future war criminals; most possessed authoritarian political convictions; almost all were nationalists who saw the German invasion as an opportunity to free their nations from the Stalinist yoke. The goals of these nationalists were autonomous cultural development and political independence. More fundamentally, they sought national survival: Stalin's atrocities had placed their nations' existence in jeopardy while the ravages of war and the growing Nazi disregard for the Eastern Europeans ensured that the threat of national extinction remained the order of the day.

As the German occupation proved increasingly brutal, the dilemmas of continued collaboration became agonizingly painful for many non-Russians. The choices before them, even with the benefit of hindsight, were not clear. Was one to join the Soviet partisans and fight for Stalin's return? Was one to go underground and fight both the Nazis and the Soviets—a lost cause if ever there was one? Or was one to continue serving as mayor, administrator, or policeman and try to make the best of a bad situation? One of those who adopted the third option was the luckless mayor of the Ukrainian city of Kremenchuk, a certain Senitzka. As

the intelligence branch of the SS, the Sicherheitsdienst, reported on March 6, 1942: "Senitzka was arrested because he sabotaged the order given him. . . . he sabotaged the handling of the Jewish problem by authorizing the priest Romanskyj to baptize Jews he himself designated and to give them Christian or Russian first names. As a result of an immediate arrest, it was possible to prevent a larger number of Jews from slipping from German control. Senitzka was executed. . . ." Obviously, other collaborators had no such moral qualms: they willingly served their Nazi masters, killed their personal and political enemies, and gladly helped annihilate the Jews.

The profound moral and political ambiguity confronting many Eastern Europeans is especially evident in the case of the Russian and non-Russian military units organized by the Germans in 1943-1944, after the tide of battle had turned at Stalingrad. Russian POWs—branded traitors by Stalin simply for having become prisoners—joined General Vlasov's Russian Army of Liberation; Ukrainians and Byelorussians enlisted in the Galicia Division and the Belarus Brigade, respectively; Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, and Crimean Tatars also took up arms. Why? Were these men fighting for Hitler or against Stalin? Or were they in the last analysis fighting for themselves?

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has eloquently captured the essence of what

motivated the "Vlasovites" to fight alongside the Wehrmacht:

. . . This was a phenomenon totally unheard of in all world history: that several hundred thousand young men, aged twenty to thirty, took up arms against their Fatherland as allies of its most evil enemy. Perhaps there is something to ponder here: Who was more to blame, those youths or the gray Fatherland? One cannot explain this treason biologically. It has to have had a social cause.

Because, as the old proverb says: *Well-fed horses don't rampage.*

Then picture to yourself a field in which starved, neglected, crazed horses are rampaging back and forth.

For the non-Russians, of course, there could be no question of "treason." It was not their Fatherland that they were fighting, but a foreign oppressor.

Amazingly, to the difficult questions raised by wartime realities, John Loftus, a former prosecutor for the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations and author of *The Belarus Secret*, has all the answers. Loftus's analysis can be easily summarized: all collaborators were Nazis, anti-Semites, and war criminals who first sold their services to the Germans and then duped the naive Americans into believing that they were anti-Soviet "freedom fighters" (Loftus's quotation marks, which, characteristically, he also applies to the Hungarians of 1956).

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DANGEROUS RELATIONS

The Soviet Union in
World Politics, 1970-1982
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Author of *Expansion and Coexistence: Soviet Foreign Policy, 1917-1973*.

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The Americans fell for this transparent hoax and helped smuggle them into the U.S. The role Loftus assigns to himself in this drama is that of outraged humanitarian.

One sympathizes with Loftus. He's so obviously the good guy (a graduate of Boston Latin School and the product of an Irish Catholic family—as the inside jacket cover for some reason informs us) and his cause is so obviously good: war criminals must be exposed, the Holocaust dare not be forgotten, and the United States clearly had no business offering shelter to Nazis. But good intentions and a respectable social background are, unfortunately, not enough.

The complexity, ambiguity, and

pain of the wartime period in Eastern Europe are all missing from Loftus's account of how Byelorussian collaborators were brought to this country. Loftus, who neither reads nor speaks Byelorussian and who has not even bothered to consult all the relevant English-language scholarly sources (particularly John A. Armstrong's excellent book about Ukrainian nationalism during World War II and his landmark article "Collaborationism in World War II: The Integral Nationalist Variant in Eastern Europe," Ivan S. Lubachko's *Belorussia Under Soviet Rule*, and Stefan T. Possony's "Antisemitism in the Russian Area"), has simply not done his homework. In place of solid research he prefers a cloak-and-dagger approach.

His major antagonists are liars and mercenaries; his protagonists simple-minded Cold Warriors obsessed with "anti-Communism" (again, Loftus's quotation marks). Conspiracies abound: declared motives are never real motives. Unwittingly, Loftus propounds a new interpretation of the Cold War: neither the Soviets nor the Americans were responsible. Rather, the culprits were the underhanded East European émigrés who drew the unwitting Americans into unrealistic schemes of rolling back

Communism, not, of course, because they sincerely wanted to do so, but simply in order to save their skins.

Consistent with his inability to accept ambiguity and draw moral distinctions, Loftus knowingly—and not without some meanness—ascribes the inhumanity and venality of the actual war criminals to all Byelorussians and Ukrainians who were in any way connected with the Germans. The irony of damning all for the transgressions of the few escapes Loftus, even though he knows very well that only a handful of Byelorussians—their names and only their names appear continually in the book—can be said to have been war criminals. Who were the others? What did they actually do? Loftus answers with vague generalizations peppered with detailed descriptions of individual war crimes. The result is a neat trick: Loftus's scanty research is made to appear extensive and the alleged East European threat to American integrity is correspondingly magnified.

Loftus's methods undermine the valuable aspects of his book. His exploration of the Byzantine dealings among various U.S. government agencies—the CIA, OPC, FBI—not only will appeal to the contemporary reader on the look-out for dirty tricks, but also is of genuine interest for its insights into how the government works—or fails to do so. His account of how Frank Wisner—the *éminence grise* of Loftus's book—tried to organize anti-Soviet uprisings in Eastern Europe is fascinating, if reproachful. Perhaps most instructive is Loftus's description of the extent to which the Eastern Europeans and their organizations—both in Eastern Europe during the war and in emigration after the war—were thoroughly infiltrated by Soviet agents.

(Loftus even suspects one of the accused Byelorussian war criminals of being a Soviet double agent.) Curiously, Loftus doesn't seem to realize that the high level of Soviet infiltration substantially weakens his argument against the East European collaborators.

Although ideological blinders need not be fatal to a well-researched book, one has to wonder how much of what Loftus claims to know is really true. It is not just that most of his revelations and allegations are not footnoted, but even those that are often have incomprehensible and totally irrelevant references. Worst of all, however, are the facts that just aren't facts. Had Loftus taken the time to consult Armstrong's work, for example, he would have known that his own evaluation of the Ukrainian nationalist underground and its leaders is almost completely off the mark. He dismisses Wisner's account of the wartime history of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, an authoritarian movement founded in 1929 and hardly "Nazi sponsored," as "fictional" and a "complete fabrication." But Wisner's claim that "the OUN and the partisan army it created in late 1942, UPA, fought bitterly against both the Germans and the Soviet Russians" is true, as German army and intelligence archives and the writings of numerous English-language scholars amply prove.

In his preface, Loftus claims to have a particular liking for truth: "On the door to my office in the Justice Department was a grisly pun on the sign that Nazis put up in their concentration camps: ARBEIT MACHT FREI—'Work Shall Make You Free.' My sign read WAHRHEIT MACHT FREI—'Truth Shall Make You Free.'" But Loftus exaggerates his qualities. His concern may be for truth, but only of the kind that accords with power. The winners set the standards of truth: the victorious and therefore trustworthy Soviets, the mighty and naturally good Americans. The little nations caught in-between must adapt to their truth.

Although many Americans will find it hard to accept, World War II collaborationism spans an entire spectrum. Simply put, there were both "good" and "bad" East European collaborators. The latter were criminals who deserve the fate of criminals. The former were often tortured individuals trying to find a place for themselves and their nations in the interstices between the great powers. Loftus, like many Americans, has a distaste for the ambiguity of middle positions. His is the luxury of the powerful. □

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 Ronald W. Pruessen / The Free Press / \$19.95
THE PAST HAS ANOTHER PATTERN: MEMOIRS
 George W. Ball / W.W. Norton / \$19.95

Alonzo L. Hamby

John Foster Dulles remains one of the persistent caricatures of the Ike Age, routinely carted out as an example of the excesses of anti-Communism during the peak days of the Cold War, invariably depicted as dour, obsessive, and prepared to threaten the incineration of the civilized world at the slightest provocation from the atheistic Soviets or Chinese. Consider the description of Dulles in George Ball's memoirs, written some twenty-odd years after Dulles's death:

Secretary of State Dulles continued to wage the Cold War as a religious conflict, ranting against "godless Communism." A literal-minded lawyer, he approached the problem of Soviet expansionism as though he were resisting a corporate takeover. . . . Lacking a sense of the absurd, Dulles had no sense of perspective. As my friend Walter Lippmann wrote, he was "not a prudent and calculated diplomat, but a gambler . . . with promissory notes engaging the blood, the treasure, and the honor of the country."

Ronald Pruessen, in the first installment of a projected two-volume biography of Dulles, has provided some necessary qualifications to this one-dimensional perspective. His account of the first 63 years of Dulles's life reveals a complex, highly intelligent man who was usually in the vanguard of those calling for an enlightened understanding of America's position in the modern world.

Although born in the Washington home of his grandfather, Secretary of State John W. Foster, Dulles grew to maturity in the upstate New York hamlet of Watertown, living in modest comfort as one of the children of the local Presbyterian minister, absorbing an inner-directed ethic and Victorian morality. Yet his upbringing was anything but provincial; his father and mother were of well-connected, cosmopolitan families. As a young man, Dulles frequently visited Washington and traveled extensively in Europe. He studied at Princeton,

Alonzo L. Hamby is chairman of the Department of History at Ohio University.

the Sorbonne, and George Washington University Law School, compiled brilliant academic records, gained an invaluable understanding of other cultures, and received intellectual stimulation from such teachers as Woodrow Wilson and Henri Bergson.

With the assistance of his grandfather Foster, who had become a noted international lawyer, he landed his first position with Sullivan and Cromwell, a major law firm with corporate clients whose interests covered the globe. In 1926, only 38 years old, he was made managing partner. His practice took him almost routinely to Europe and Latin America and just as routinely carried with it directorships in multinational corporations. He handled European bond issues and became a participant in the world of international finance.

He also entered the world of diplomacy. From 1917 to 1920, he worked in the Department of State under his uncle, Robert Lansing, gaining first-hand experience in Latin American diplomacy and in the manifold issues emerging from World War I. A junior figure at the Paris peace conference, he experienced the disappointment with the Treaty of Versailles felt by most knowledgeable American diplomats and economists.

Between the wars, Dulles emerged as a public figure of some note. A fervent internationalist, he argued incessantly for American political and economic involvement with the rest of the world. He understood that a stable world order could rest only on a freer trading system in which the United States had to be a key participant, and he realized that the constant haggling over war debts and reparations contributed nothing to world prosperity. By the 1930s, he had developed a philosophy of international relations that incorporated a Calvinistic view of human nature, valued a stable international order, advocated peaceful change, and asserted "economic federalism" as the mechanism most likely to accommodate diverse national interests. Increasingly prone to speak and think

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in religious terms, he became a major lay figure in the Federal Council of Churches, soon establishing himself as the formulator of its foreign-policy position.

During World War II, he was in the public eye as foreign-policy adviser to Thomas E. Dewey and Arthur Vandenberg. Widely considered a potential Republican secretary of state, he was a moderating influence on a

party still in the process of resolving the prewar argument between isolationists and internationalists. Yet even as he gained identification among those who argued that politics should stop at the water's edge, he demonstrated that his moderation had a way of stopping at the edge of partisan politics. He detested Franklin Roosevelt as deeply and fully as any right-wing Republican of the day.

In the presidential campaign of 1944, he, in common with many Republican orators, was not above hurling loose accusations of Communism at the Democrats.

Thus, it was not surprising that by mid-1946 Dulles was among those foreign-policy thinkers most concerned about Soviet expansionism and the ideological challenge of Communism. From this point on he

was a convinced Cold Warrior, although no more than Dean Acheson or dozens of other men involved in the conduct of American diplomacy. From the end of World War II through 1951, his career oscillated between Republican politics and diplomatic tasks for the Truman State Department, including the negotiation of the peace treaty with Japan. Capable of engaging in nasty McCarthy-style demagoguery against Herbert Lehman in the special New York senatorial election of 1949, he was equally able to preserve his position as a symbol of foreign-policy bipartisanship until the end of 1951, when he rejected Truman's offer to become America's first postwar ambassador to Japan with the testy remark that "there was no point in being at the end of a transmission line if the power house itself was not functioning." By then—the point at which this volume concludes—he was ready to plunge into the political maelstrom of 1952.

Pruessen devotes the second half of his book to the early Cold War years, and it is here that he is most critical of his subject. Dulles, he tells us, using the words with wearisome repetitiveness, "overreacted" to Soviet expansionism and was grievously "melodramatic" about the challenge of Communism. His motivations, the author believes, involved a mixture of religious faith, adherence to capitalism, and pursuit of personal ambition. But again, Dulles's reactions to the emerging Cold War strike one as not that much different from those of many figures in both political parties who came, often with great reluctance, to accept the Cold War. Like numerous American diplomats, he was shaken by the belligerent truculence he encountered in face-to-face dealings with his Soviet counterparts, unable to gauge a sense of limited objectives in Soviet foreign policy, and affronted by the cynical Soviet betrayal of the liberal democratic ideals that had justified the war for many Americans. In many respects, Eleanor Roosevelt and George F. Kennan went through the same experience. Dulles was in fact not among the earliest Cold Warriors, and on the working foreign-policy level, he was a careful moderate. As he approached his sixty-fourth birthday in early 1952, there was little in his career to prepare one for the "liberation" evangelism in which he was about to indulge.

In all, this is a fine book. Pruessen, a student of Gabriel Kolko, leans toward the left in his frame of reference and occasionally displays his prejudices, but on the whole his portrait is judicious. True, he flails

Taxing Times

Federal tax forms have changed a lot this year. One of the least-noticed changes appears not in the forms, but in an introductory letter to the taxpayer from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

"Quite often," the Commissioner says in his letter, "we receive inquiries about how people may make voluntary contributions to reduce the public debt. If you should wish to contribute, just enclose in your tax return envelope a separate check made payable to 'Bureau of the Debt.'"

The federal government soliciting charitable contributions—that's an innovative wrinkle. One can imagine how this developed. With good natured apologies to the Commissioner, the conversation may have gone something like this:

"What's going on here?" the Commissioner barked as he made way to his office. "There's no place to walk. Everywhere I go, I'm stepping on postcards, telegrams, letters."

"They're all from taxpayers," said the Deputy Assistant Commissioner for Forms. "They all want to know how to give money to the government."

"Give?"

"It seems they've all heard about the national debt. They want to do something about their country's being in the hole to the tune of a trillion-dollars."

"Do something?"

"Yessir—give money in addition to any taxes they owe. They want to know how to go about doing that."

"Well, what are you going to tell

them? How are you going to answer all this stuff?" the Commissioner asked, peering behind a pile of messages.

"Those consultants we hired from the firm of Oodles, Dollops & Gollops came up with a capital idea. They suggested we include with the forms a letter explaining what to do."

The Commissioner scratched his head.

"Wait, there's more."

"More?"

"Everyone contributing over \$50 gets a handsome tote bag with the Treasury Department seal embossed on the side."

"Tote bag?"

"And if you give \$100, you also get this umbrella. When you open it, it says: 'I'm doing my part to cover the debt.' With \$1,000 you'll get a year's subscription to the *Federal Register* so you can have a daily reading of new federal regulations and see where some of your tax money is going. If the idea really catches on, we can move the tax filing date from April 15 to December 25. People are more in the spirit of giving then."

"Whoa! I think you're taking this too far," the Commissioner said. "But I like the idea of a letter. Let's drop it from the roof of the Treasury Building and see whether it splatters."

Splatter it did—on the front cover of your tax booklet from the IRS. And if you do give, the Commissioner notes that you can treat your gift as a charitable contribution on next year's tax return.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

away at Dulles for what appears to have been perfectly legitimate pre-war legal work for German cartels, and laments his subject's commitment to capitalism and the national state system. But he presents Dulles's point of view fairly, avoids armchair psychoanalysis, and does not fall into the sort of relentless hostility that biographers occasionally demonstrate for unsympathetic subjects. Pruessen tells more than many readers will care to know about Dulles's life and career, but the result, if heavy-going at times, is a nearly definitive academic biography. And whoever expected a book on John Foster Dulles to be a fun read?

George Ball's *The Past Has Another Pattern* is by contrast rambling, wretchedly edited, unsystematic, yet consistently engaging. This memoir, which emphasizes the author's service as undersecretary of state under Kennedy and Johnson, will come as a revelation to those who have assumed that Ball is an idealistic liberal because of his lonely opposition to the Vietnam War during the Johnson Administration or who have found themselves put off by his grating, emotional criticism of Israel in recent years. The George Ball of this book says little about the Middle East; he is usually shrewd, witty, and at times pleasantly cynical.

Born in Des Moines in 1909, Ball was nurtured in the values of a hard-working, upwardly mobile family. (His father started with the Standard Oil Company as a tank-wagon driver in Marshalltown, Iowa, and became a marketing executive in its Chicago home office.) He attended Northwestern University, where he was taught and influenced by Bernard de Voto and Garrett Mattingly, toyed with the idea of an academic career, and eventually decided to become a lawyer. He graduated near the top of his class at the Northwestern Law School in 1933, and went off to Washington with his dean, to become one of the many young lawyers to receive his first practical experience working in the New Deal. After two years, he returned to Chicago, worked at a law practice he seems to have found unsatisfying, joined the interventionist Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, and began a long friendship with Adlai Stevenson.

With the coming of World War II, he was off to Washington again as a top-level Lend-Lease administrator. He later helped conceive the Strategic Bombing Survey, worked especially closely with John Kenneth

Galbraith on it, and at the end of the war interrogated Albert Speer under circumstances he likens to a grade-B movie set. After the war, he stayed in Washington and began a private international law practice which brought him into close association with the great apostle of European unity, Jean Monnet. He also participated on the fringes of Democratic politics, playing important roles in Stevenson's two presidential campaigns. In 1961 the Kennedy Administration brought him into the State Department, first as undersecretary for economic affairs, then as undersecretary to replace the inept Chester Bowles.

Many readers will delight in this book's depiction of notable personalities. Mr. Ball has few idols. He displays naked contempt for his superiors in the Lend-Lease program (one of whom was unable to remember the name of the agency he had been appointed to head), characterizes de Gaulle and Kissinger as vainglorious egomaniacs, etches a devastating portrait of Archbishop Makarios as a cynical fraud, sketches the Shah of Iran as a ludicrous parvenu, and describes Richard Nixon with a rich variety of invective.

Others—Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Adlai Stevenson, among them—receive mixed treatment. Ball's characterization of Stevenson is perhaps most revealing: his affection and admiration are clear but his specific comments tend to be critical. Stevenson, as Ball sees him, was a man of personal charm and many fine qualities but also indecisive, excessively tender-minded, and politically inept. Hubert Humphrey receives much the same treatment, leaving one with the impression that Ball's work in his presidential campaign was motivated primarily by loathing for Richard Nixon, secondarily by support for an old friend. Clearly, Ball's experience has left him dubious of the assumptions of traditional Democratic liberalism.

His ideas on foreign relations constitute a mix of liberal idealism and conservative realism. As befits an admirer of Jean Monnet, he has long been a consistent advocate of free trade and European unity. At the same time, he accepts the balance-of-power as a guiding principle of international politics. Persuaded that a foreign policy should not be conducted on an idealistic, or ideological, basis, he argues for a dispassionate weighing of interests and a balancing of means with ends. Convinced that carefully conceived foreign economic development programs are in the national interest, he is nevertheless critical of much foreign aid, weary of

the posturings of Third World nations, and caustic in his comments on "nation-building" academic theorists. His attitude toward the United Nations is one of Moynihanlike disgust. His feelings about intellectuals in politics are no different; he rather proudly recalls his retort when Lyndon Johnson called him an intellectual—"Mr. President, those are fighting words."

It was from this frame of reference that Ball conducted his long behind-the-scenes opposition to U.S. involvement in Vietnam, and he takes pains to distance himself from the visible, organized antiwar movement:

I felt deep sympathy for the young men required to fight a war in which they did not believe, but I was repelled by the hysteria and crudity of the antiwar movement and disgusted with the weakness of university administrations that failed miserably to protect the integrity of their own institutions. Simply put, I did not wish to be a hero of the yippies. . . . I would not join those fatuous intellectuals who felt that issues were better settled in the streets than through established organs of government. That was the real *trahison des clercs*.

He makes it equally clear that he had no illusions about Hanoi, which he

considered a vicious, totalitarian regime. His opposition to the war, he tells us, was based squarely and frankly on his belief that the United States could not win a distant conflict for a peripheral interest in a distant land against a regime determined to prevail at any cost. Dulles, Eisenhower, and their successors, he is convinced, were guilty of practicing ideological politics in Vietnam rather than rationally assessing interests.

All of this is fair enough. Still, one wonders about Ball's emotional account of Nixon and Kissinger's Vietnam policies. One need not dismiss out of hand his assertion that they could have brought the war to an honorable conclusion shortly after taking office, but the evidence is murky. Moreover, Nixon and Kissinger, in contrast to their predecessors, did bring the war to an end, however slowly and unsatisfactorily. George Ball the cool rationalist is also an emotional partisan who finds it easy to detest the leaders of the opposition and difficult to tender them the benefit of the doubt.

In this and other ways, one discerns important similarities between Ball and Dulles. Dulles, it is true, was a religious man easily attracted to

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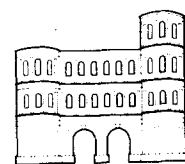
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ideological diplomacy, while Ball is an agnostic persuaded that foreign relations should be conducted from largely rational economic and strategic considerations. Nevertheless, it is probably more important that both

men came to international relations from the perspectives of global law practices. Both spent much of their careers advocating Western political and economic unity against barbarous threats from without the main-

stream of Western civilization. Both were keenly aware that economic separatism and protectionism were ultimately disastrous to Western prosperity and political strength. In today's demoralized world, with

many Western nations dangerously lured by the superficial attractions of neutralism and economic isolationism, the assumptions they held in common appear far more critical than those which divided them. □

S P E C T A T O R ' S J O U R N A L

IRAQ'S PHONY WAR

by John Train

The President was in a singular humor.

"Tell me your criticisms of my country," he began our meeting. Since I had only been there for a day, it was hard to respond.

"Have you been able to see everything you want?" he continued.

How about visiting the front?

"You shall see it. You shall see everything. You need only ask. We have nothing to hide. All I request is

that you tell the truth," responded the President.

President Saddam Hussein, who has been in power in Iraq since 1979 (although the Baath Socialist Party has ruled since 1968), is always with you as you travel in his country. Not in person, but through his photographs, which, as in all dictatorships, are posted in every restaurant, every hotel, almost every shop and office. The President, in uniform (he is actually a civilian), is exhorting the troops; the President, surprisingly for an Arabic country, is smoking a cigar (perhaps provided by the fraternal government of Cuba); the President poses with his family; the President, in magnificent official

regalia, rests his hand on his sword. Every newspaper is filled with fervid encomiums to the President, at least three on each front page: "Iraqi Masses Demonstrate to Show Solidarity with President Saddam Hussein"; "President Saddam Hussein Decorates Soldiers for Bravery"; "President Saddam Hussein Decorates More Soldiers for Bravery"; "President Saddam Hussein Declares War Will Be Continued Until Total Victory Achieved"; "Delegation of Workers Praises Wisdom and Courage of President Saddam Hussein."

Still, he delivered on his promise. Off we went that very afternoon to Mandali, east of Baghdad, scene of a battle a day earlier in which, we were assured by the Lieutenant General commanding the area, out of 8,000 Iranian attackers, 3,000 had been killed. Three thousand? Astonishing! That's more than the Allied dead in the initial Normandy landings on D-Day.

On the way to the scene of this prodigious feat of arms we pulled over to let a miles-long cavalcade of armored vehicles roar past in the opposite direction—away from the front. Russian T-62 tanks, Brazilian Cascavel armored personnel carriers, anti-aircraft weapons, Mercedes trucks carrying infantry. (The tanks and APCs were carried on transporters: a tank fights on its own wheels in battle, but like a heavyweight boxer, it is if at all possible carried to and from the scene of the match.) The soldiers waved cheerfully and I waved back. But wait a minute! When you win a victory don't you follow up your advantage? Having taken the Germans by surprise at D-Day, did the Allies withdraw back across the channel to England? And something else: there was not the slightest mark on any of the vehicles. Except for dirt on the treads, they might have been on parade.

Finally, we reached Mandali itself, a prosperous town. We stopped in the main square. "We cannot go

beyond here," our escort announced. "Enemy is 7 kilometers away."

"But President Saddam himself told me I could see the front!"

As the escorts trotted off to the local military commander's headquarters for further instructions, I interrogated the townspeople. "Has there been fighting here?"

"No."

"Have the Iranians been here?"

"No."

"Have they shelled the town?"

"No."

"Has there been any war damage?"

"No."

After a while, the escort returned. "We cannot take you beyond this point. The area is under observation. This vehicle is too conspicuous. It would attract shelling."

"Then let's go in one of those camouflaged vehicles. Let's walk!"

"We cannot."

The next day we set forth on the five-hour drive to another part of the front, near Asmara. Here, indeed, one saw vast preparations: line after line of sandbagged gun emplacements, tanks dug in behind protective earth shelters. Occasionally there was a crash of artillery to the rear, and from time to time shells would burst on distant hills.

At an observation outpost, I asked an officer, "Where are the Iranians?"

"Behind those hills"—about five miles away—"and in that grove of trees"—about seven miles. "Near where three tanks are burning."

My field glasses revealed no tanks. I borrowed a huge spotting scope from an officer and searched the area. No tanks. And again, all these sandbags, these revetments, those gun emplacements, were impeccable. There was no trace of damage. Moreover, there was *not one plane* in the sky. Clearly, there had been no action in the area. One might as well have been on a picnic.

A day later, the Baghdad Observer carried an article with the following words: "The delegation

John Train is author of *The Money Masters*, *Remarkable Names*, and other books, and is a columnist in *Le Matin* (Paris), *Harvard Magazine*, and *Investors Chronicle* (London).

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J. MADISON

The Federalist Society is a nationwide organization of conservative and libertarian lawyers and law students dedicated to the principles of limited government and a limited judiciary. The Society is represented at over 65 law schools.

also saw the enemy's corpses, weapons, tanks and other material, left on the battlefield." There was no truth to this whatever. We had witnessed none of those things. And yet, the start of the war, notably the siege of Khorramsharh, had produced frightfully bloody encounters. What's going on here? In a government paper, these Arabian Nights fantasies are no reporter's error. Perhaps, as so often, economics lies behind it.

That rabid fanatic, Ayatollah Khomeini, would like to tear down not only the government of Iraq but also the conservative regimes of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. They, in turn, are well pleased to have Iraq draining off some of his energy. Iraq's tough troops, fighting in defense of their own territory, do seem to be able to chew up Khomeini's rag-tag legions of student volunteers.

Two years ago, doubtless at Russian urging, Syria cut the Korshou-Bania pipeline that carried most of Iraq's oil production to the sea. So Saudi Arabia is believed to be sending Iraq up to a billion dollars a month to make up the difference.

Since Syria cut the pipeline, Iraq's oil exports have dropped from over three million barrels a day to under one million, which pass mostly through Turkey. Saudi Arabia wants Syria to open the line, which would do wonders for Iraq's economy. Can it be that like a dog barking at an approaching stranger and then looking around for approval, President Saddam is making these ferocious noises to convince the Saudis that their billions are well spent?

Ironically, Saudi Arabia's heavy support for Iraq's war effort goes in large part to buy arms from the

Soviet Union. (The other major supplier is France.)

Having observed other military episodes of this sort, notably the India-Pakistan war of 1965, in which, like two Japanese Sumo wrestlers, after months of grunting and pushing neither contestant was ever pushed away from the center of the ring, let me venture a prediction.

The "war" will drag on, slowly losing vigor, since it no longer has any point, except the doubtful one of providing an excuse to rally the respective populations behind their revolutionary governments. When the Ayatollah gets tired of the game or departs, it will stop. And though on the map Baghdad looks close to the battle lines, it might as well be Timbaktu. The Iranians will never get close to it. The whole vast area from the city to the front is a flat, treeless

plain, strewn with minefields, a perfect killing ground. Armor, bereft of concealment and without air cover (which the Iranians cannot provide), would be pounded to pieces before advancing a quarter of the way.

And some day, Iraq will be enormously rich. With immense oil reserves and a small (14 million) population, its economic prospects are among the most promising in the Middle East. Though a visitor to Baghdad and its surroundings notices many projects where work has been suspended, many others are going forward, and in general one does not receive the impression of a beleaguered economy. Far from it.

Even so, Iraq's reserves have fallen by two-thirds—from \$30 billion to \$10 billion. So if it's no longer a fighting war, it's no less a real war of economic attrition. □

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Bethell Intrigues

I am afraid that in his February column, "Sound Minds," Tom Bethell has fallen from his usual standards. He uses the tiresome game, usually played by the more inane members of the Left, of denouncing his foes as "old-fashioned," whereas his friends are "modern," then gives us an exasperating non sequiter. It is true that in GNP accounts, government services are evaluated at input prices, rather than at output prices, because there usually are no output prices for those services. But it is certainly wrong to conclude, as Bethell does, that the value of a dollar spent on government services is therefore less than that dollar's value in the private sector.

Using input prices would tend to overvalue the services of unprofitable firms and undervalue the services of profitable firms. If government services are worth more than they cost, the GNP accounts will underestimate their value. I may be willing to pay the government to set up defenses to keep the Soviets out of Seattle, and so might my neighbor, but each of us has a strong incentive not to pay but let everyone else pay, because we get the benefits regardless of whether we pay for the service of national defense. There is substantial evi-

dence that property taxes often increase the value of homes, because the taxes are spent on valuable projects such as sewer systems and parks, which are more valuable than their cost. Moreover, I confess to a bit of difficulty with the notion that a dollar invested in the company that makes Pac-man is worth more than a dollar given to help feed a starving family. It hardly requires that one be a bloated bureaucrat shamelessly defending his perquisites to see that Bethell's argument is confused.

There are real difficulties with using GNP as a measure of the value of government services, and I would probably share Bethell's attitude toward the vast majority of those services, but little is gained by the sort of dogmatic rhetoric Bethell uses. At his worst he is better than Hobart Rowen at his best (is that an oxymoron?), but he would do his readers better service by more careful analysis and less dogmatism.

—William Jostrom
Department of Economics
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

Tom Bethell's column in the February *American Spectator*, touching on immigration and the illegal immigrant, intrigued me greatly, coming as it did on the heels of news (rumors, rather) coming out of Miami that something strange and wonderful is happening there. As you doubtless know, in addition to the tens of thousands of Cubans who have fled to Florida, in recent years

there has been a hefty influx of refugees from Haiti, all of whom are just about as illegal as they come. These unfortunate people come mostly in overcrowded, open, leaky sailing craft with frayed halliards, torn sails, and cracked rudders; a hundred in a vessel which should carry twenty at the most. That they get here at all is a credit to their seamanship, and they land, usually on the beach, anywhere from Fernandina to Key West. They are promptly rounded up by the authorities and ultimately land with their predecessors in abandoned government buildings near Miami.

These people are all coal black, and most of them are illiterate, and nobody at all speaks English, their language being a combination of seventeenth-century French and tribal expletives with overtones of gullah. Nobody in Miami has done very much about them except to keep them rounded up. Only a few of them have found regular employment, but the amazing thing is that the Haitian colony has created its own economy. None has heard of OSHA or FTC or Minimum Wage, and the IRS will have a tough time since most of their transactions are cash or barter. They sell their handicrafts, have created their own markets, and perform a multitude of services for one another, all entirely outside of the regular, controlled economy. They are as busy as bird dogs, and creating little trouble for anyone. The professional do-gooders are beginning to discover them, and to wring their hands, but

the illegal Haitians are reveling in a luxury they have never known. How long it will take the liberals to get these people disgruntled is unknown, but right now, it seems, they're happy as clams. —William Davies

Melbourne, Florida

Standard Gold

Whatever better things Vic Gold may find to do with his life, let us hope that he will always find the time to write book reviews as perceptive and as entertaining as his review of Hamilton Jordan's *Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency* (TAS, February 1983). —Arlene N. Heath

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The Washington Post

Dr. George F. Will begins to show the stress of presiding over history: The ongoing emancipation of women is this country's finest social achievement. [January 9, 1983]

The Washington Post

For Dr. George F. Will the stress becomes unbearable:

Whales, which have quite enough problems, have now got caught in the angry waters of United States-Japan relations. But the persons protesting on the whales' behalf during last week's visit by Japan's prime minister have a grand cause.

The campaign to save the whales is a rare and refreshing example of intelligence in the service of something other than self-interest. That is one reason why it has progressed tremendously.

[January 23, 1983]

The San Bernardino Sun

An aperçu into the amazing heuristic approaches now available to the gals at one of California's leading institutes of higher learning:

A controversial women's studies instructor at California State University-Long Beach who was suspended in June after three students branded her teaching techniques as pro-lesbian will be back in the classroom this fall.

University attorney Jaffe Dickerson said Dr. Betty Brooks will resume teaching the course "Women and Their Bodies," but she also has agreed to attend counseling sessions with a departmental dean concerning her teaching methods.

Brooks, 52, is a part-time instructor in the university's Women's Studies Program, which has been under fire since last spring from various conservative and fundamentalist Christian groups as being "anti-family."

The American Civil Liberties Union earlier this month filed suit against the university on behalf of the Women's Studies program faculty, claiming administrators were planning to dismantle the program because of political pressure.

The students claimed to be offended by Brooks' classroom use of slides depicting her genitals and then asking the students to imagine themselves "doing things" with other women at the beach. Also, they said, she invited a female model to partially disrobe in class to demonstrate gynecological self-examination.

[August 21, 1982]

Ms.

From the correspondence page of our favorite fruitcake, two epistles, one to rue, one to glory in:

While traveling Nova Scotia, I was browsing in a rather nice gift shop when I noticed, among the expensive items, a tourist gimmick—a wooden mallet with the words "wife tamer" printed on it. In a polite but assertive manner, I carried it to the proprietor, a friendly and helpful

gentleman (who had given us advice on where to stay, eat, and so on). I suggested he return this item to the manufacturer, as it was an overt message suggesting that women be abused. Said he: "Maybe some women need taming." Click! He then added: "I thought you were going to buy it." At that point, I felt that discussion would be useless and told him I would not buy anything there, and walked out.

Outside the shop my traveling companion, a single career woman like myself, told me that my behavior was uncalled for and that the tourist item was "only a joke." Click! In attempting to explain to her that wife abuse was no joke, I got nowhere as she continued to tell me I was wrong and that carrying the item in the shop did not mean that the owner advocated abuse. I was disappointed in her and angry with myself for not being able to convince even one of the two people involved that this was more than a trivial point.

—Ruth M. Stern
Decatur, Ga.

Ms. readers who are secretaries may be interested in my daily assertiveness practice, which never fails to give me a boost. I type my initials in upper case next to the upper case initials of those of the originator's at the bottom of whatever correspondence it might be. Small, but daily.

—Kay Kavanagh
Oak Park, Ill.

[April 1982]

The Great Books Series

The definitive description of a creep: Thus, Senator Hatfield wants first to be a political prophet to his own "country," his own people—a lonely role that frequently is frustrating but which also can be immensely rewarding. The senator has earned his stripes on the political battlefield. In so many ways fellow evangelicals, whether they agree with him or not, recognize that all along the lonesome path he has been "our senator."

Lonely Walk: The Life of Senator Mark Hatfield
[Multnomah Press, 1979]

New York Times

Mr. J. Anthony Kosove proffers a very wholesome and sound resolution of this nuclear nonsense in the soap box section of the *New York Times*: Precisely because Paul Bracken's July 29 letter, "The Hair Trigger in Nuclear Strategy," was clear and moderate in tone and effectively made its point . . . I found it as depressing a letter as I have ever read on a public issue . . .

We are so informed by the existence of any kind of nuclear arms or strategy that the only useful voice is one of alarm. Our task now is to prepare the way (not to describe it) to radically changing the course of history, and we are least served by the kind of discussion contained in Mr. Bracken's letter.

From people as informed and honest as his letter suggests he is, we need an agonized scream.

[August 4, 1982]

The Daily Californian

Sociological finding of Dr. Harry Edwards, identified by this illustrious campus paper as "one of the more political members of the Berkeley faculty":

"Reagan is not a racist," said Harry Edwards, the vocal UC Berkeley sociology professor involved in civil rights and political activism. "He just hates people."

[October 7, 1982]

Press Release

A press release from the incomparable Ringa Press apprises all Americans of a literary event of the first water: The Equal Rights Amendment has been defeated, leaving American feminists anxious and worried about the future of women's rights. What indeed will the defeat of the E.R.A. mean a hundred years from now?

"2084" (\$6.95 trade paperback novel) explores the possible aftermath of the E.R.A.'s failure to be ratified. It takes the reader through 96 action-packed pages of adventure, romance, and the struggle of the human spirit against vicious oppression.

The novel tells of a woman biochemist, Megan Wendeline, Ph.D., who suffers sex discrimination in her research work at UCLA. As the story begins, the staunch feminist retreats to the Big Sur to brood about her sabotaged career and passes through a strange cave by the sea. She is seized in a time warp and finds herself in the year 2084, where men outnumber women ten to one and all females are brutally enslaved. Megan fiercely clashes with an enigmatic leader of this ultimate male chauvinist society, and the story revolves around their intense conflict and eventual romantic involvement. Others opposing the cruel regime are the "Libras," guerilla fighters of both sexes who are committed to women's rights. The novel's chilling ending reveals who was behind the defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment, how the viciously sexist future society emerged and how Megan struggles courageously to end its tyranny.

"2084" is available directly from Ringa Press after March 1, 1983. A response card is enclosed for your convenience.

[Ringa Press]
6833 West Grand Avenue
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The Washington Post

Writing with uncommon veridity the verdant Colman McCarthy describes a Halloween abounding in verdancy—he remains at large:

Halloween alarmism about predator adults is an annual rite. It's usually been nuts who jam razors into apples or needles into candy bars who are on the minds of the Protectors of Children. I have some expertise in this issue, because for the past 10 years I have gained, in some of the more fright-prone parts of my neighborhood, a reputation as one of those weirdos the kids had better avoid. My offense is that on Halloween

night I open my front door and hand out vegetables.

Last year I gave okra. . . . The year before I was into kale. . . . In other years, I have treated the innocents at my door to carrots, potatoes, onions, broccoli and turnips.

Halloween is about the only time of year I get near to proselytizing about my vegetarianism.

A decade ago, other parents in my neighborhood warned that I was asking for retaliatory trouble by giving kids vegetables like kale and carrots. My windows would be broken, they warned, the porch railing bent and the doorbell ripped out.

None of these Druidic horrors has happened. Some years, I admit, the lawn on the morning after has been strewn with kale leaves and broken carrots. The sight causes me grief, and I wonder if I shouldn't go back to the civilized way of dispensing junk food. But I have never taken offense at the leftovers on the lawn. Instead, I have taken the vegetables inside, rinsed them and cooked them all up for dinner—my annual post-Halloween stew, a high-nutrition and low-cost delight.

[October 30, 1982]

Mother Jones

A Mr. Christopher Hitchens lustily extrudes the product of his cartoonist's mind, sadly unassisted by a cartoonist's talents:

The Ayatollah Solzhenitsyn is not the first person to conclude, from bitter and intense experience, that the impulse for freedom and equality is a destructive one, leading only to collectivist nightmares. He proposes a return to theocracy and discipline. Tom Wolfe, from what caliber of experience I do not know, found radicalism laughable long before he read or read [sic] about Solzhenitsyn. He has reaped fame and fortune from his slight but elegant talent for ridicule. And he proposes—what? Rule by Caspar Weinberger and William Buckley and Joseph Coors? The sense of proportion revolts.

[January 1983]

The Nation

The incomparable *Nation* discovers the cauldron of violence that is our Ron:

Precisely why the press corps should abase itself in this fashion is puzzling. Perhaps it intuitively feels the chaos and rage beneath the Presidential surface, a glimpse of which was provided a few weeks ago at the meeting with Republican candidates where Reagan told an annoying questioner to shut up. Casting themselves in the role of psychotherapists, the reporters may be seeking to serve the nation by behaving so co-operatively, avoiding the prospect of the real Reagan bursting forth and threatening the future of the globe. There is a function, however, to putting pressure on Presidents at press conferences: it allows the citizenry to take full measure of their elected servants.

[November 27, 1982]

EDITORIAL

(continued from page 6)

remains unutterable on Capitol Hill of course is frugality. Government has already cut to the bone, the pols lament, and thus the consensus view in our lovely capital is that cuts must be made instead in the incomes of the private citizens of the middle class. Notwithstanding the lurid fact that non-defense spending has in real terms more than doubled since 1970 (defense costs have actually declined), the spendthrift pols insist that there is not one social program that has shown itself ineffectual or ill-conceived and ready for the junk heap. Nor can they find any waste anywhere other than at the Pentagon. This is the popular Washington view; and practically everyone who holds it is possessed of a brain whose every shelf, nook, and cranny has been stocked by the *Zeitgeist*. Presenting conflicting evidence to these people is a futile business.

Today such people, many for the first time in their lives, thump for balanced budgets. Deficits distress them. Their solution is elimination of the third round of the Reagan tax cuts and the elimination of indexed taxes, which protect taxpayers from surreptitious tax hikes during times of inflation. If informed that government spending is out of control their ideologized minds go numb. Reaganomics, they believe, has been proved wrong.

The term today is utterly devoid of meaning, the pols and pundits having mutilated it beyond recognition in their polemical struggles; but whether Reaganomics is right or wrong its opponents have been proved equally wrong, and sometimes more so.

It is wrong for them to treat deficit forecasts as though they were gospel. Such forecasts are always inaccurate. The economist Alan Reynolds tells us that the forecasts of the Office of Management and Budget have come within 25 percent of an accurate figure only three times in the last 14 years. Milton Friedman dismisses such forecasts as "not worth the paper they are printed on."

Furthermore it is wrong to believe the miser Reagan has halted government growth. It continues and not because of national defense appropriations. The non-defense portion of government spending has grown from 15.8 percent of GNP in 1979 to 18.5 percent in fiscal 1983. For fiscal 1982 the Reagan Administration estimated a budget of \$695 billion. It grew to \$728 billion. For fiscal 1983

the government estimated a budget of \$725 billion. It is now estimated at \$805 and still growing. For fiscal 1984 the President asks \$848.5 billion. Will it finish under \$900 billion? With prices decelerating these increases are actually larger than they appear!

The fact is that the Good Samaritans on Capitol Hill have no notion of economizing. Their genius is for taxing, spending, and getting re-

elected. Since 1979 the private portion of GNP has declined by some four percent. How long can a shrinking David carry a fattening Goliath?

The pols and pundits now bewailing the projected deficits are many of the same people who, back at the dawn of fiscal 1983, prescribed a tax increase to reduce the projected deficit of \$91.5 billion. They got a \$100 billion tax increase last summer

and more tax increases in the fall and winter, yet their deficit doubled. Last year they were predicting that interest rates could not decline in times of high deficits. They predicted about the same for inflation. Actually a reader of chicken entrails could make excellent use of these fellows. By making predictions exactly opposite theirs one will be accurate almost 100 percent of the time. □

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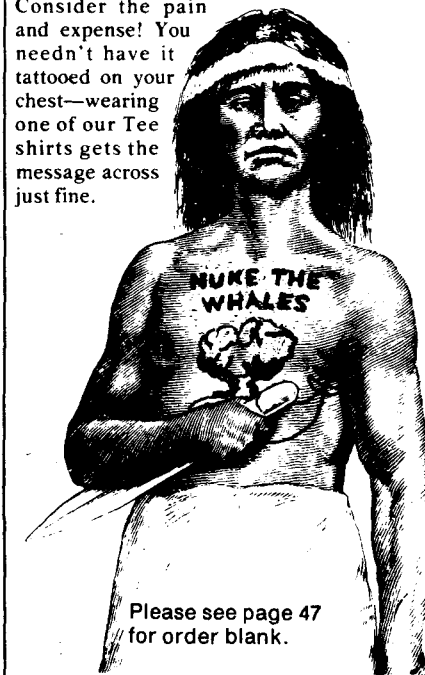
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